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The Worked-All-Continents Club

isn't composed of international panhandlers. It's an exclusive group of amateur scientists who have mastered the art of talking around the world. What these men and their associates have accomplished in the field of radio communication will be told in next week's Outlook.

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The Outlook

Volume 146 July 27, 1927 Number 13

Seven Strokes under Par!

SIXTY-EIGHT, seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-two. So ran the story of Bobby Jones's adventure at St. Andrews. And when the tale was told, this young American found himself victor in the British Open Championship by the generous margin of six strokes below his nearest rivals and seven under that common enemy of all —par. To tie the course record in an open championship as Bobby Jones did in his first eighteen holes, to start at the head and never be passed in a contest with the world's best golfers, that was an amazing achievement. Jones was not only an ambassador from the golf courses of America to the golf links of Scotland, he was also a representative of the best that America has to offer in the personality and spirit of its youth.

Elsewhere in this issue Lawrence F. Abbott gives from personal experience a glimpse of the surroundings and an account of the traditions which gave such a flavor to the achievement of Robert T. Jones, Jr., in winning for the second time the Open Championship of Great Britain.

The Second Flight to Hawaii

THE flight of Ernest L. Smith and Emory B. Bronte from California to the Hawaiian Islands was somewhat overshadowed by the Maitland-Hegenberger success. The public also was somewhat disinclined to feel enthusiastic about the Smith-Bronte flight because of unfortunate incidents which indicated a lack of that precision and planning characteristic of everything that the Army flyers or Lindbergh or Byrd's party did. Smith's first attempt was almost a ridiculous failure simply because someone had not secured an attachment to the plane the loss of which made exact navigation difficult. In the second flight the wireless news sent out by Smith when he was several hundred miles away from Hawaii to the effect that his fuel was exhausted and that he should have to land in mid-ocean proved to be a mistake. He had enough fuel to reach the Hawaiian Islands—and only just enough. He crashed through a tree on the Island of Molokai (the leper colony) when he had used the very last drop of his gasoline. At once the question was asked, How did he reach Molokai if his fuel was exhausted or nearly exhausted hundreds of miles away? Secretary Wilbur of the Navy put forth a premature criticism on the S O S messages sent out by Smith. The actual fact as stated by Smith was that his pump went wrong and misled him, and

Wide World

The World's Greatest Golfer

that it was impossible for him later to correct the first statement because the antennæ of his wireless had been torn off when he was forced close to the water.

Despite all this unsatisfactory and bungling work, Smith and Bronte made a remarkable flight, especially for amateurs. The accounts state that their flying time from California to Hawaii was even a trifle better than Maitland's —about fifteen minutes. While Maitland had already broken the world record for a non-stop sea flight over about 2,400 miles of sea, it is possible that Smith has increased the record of non-stop distance a little more. To decide this positively requires such collating of the courses taken by the two planes and the actual distances traversed as could be made only by experts on examination of all the factors involved.

The lesson of this flight emphasizes the need of just that care and thoroughness which the Army and Navy air services have given the men who (graduating, so to speak, from their schools) have attained wonderful achievements this summer.

The two flights to Hawaii have also shown the value of the radio-beam system. In neither case did the aviators get quite complete information as to position, but the fault was in the planes and not in the system.

Still Camping on the Levees

DESOLATION, devastation, misery—these are the words used by a correspondent of the New York "Times," Mr. L. C. Speers, to sum up the condition he found along the Mississippi in Arkansas and Louisiana as the floods have receded. The homes left are not habitable; the growing crops are negligible; a cotton crop is not to be had this year; farmers here and there are planting soy beans or other makeshift vegetables in regions where corn, rice, and cotton are the staples. On the levees are still camping hordes of homeless people.

The work of immediate relief was done promptly and efficiently. The people are grateful; but the coming months carry the threat of starvation and the possibility of epidemic disease.

Secretary Hoover, the Red Cross, and the Governors of the afflicted States are working out plans of relief, credit, and sustentation. Rebuilding and reconstruction are but beginning. It is evident that the whole country must join in aiding in the gigantic tasks which confront the victims of the floods.

The American people are generous, but when the high point of a catastrophe has passed they are apt to turn their interest to new sensations. We must not forget that for many months to come the suffering and poverty in the devastated flood region will continue. Mr. Speers sums up a general situation when he speaks of the people of one Louisiana town he saw as "facing, without money or credit, and in numerous instances without adequate food or clothing, a winter that carries with it a threat of destitution and starvation."

Snake Bite Peril Grows

IT will be news to most people that a venomous snake problem has arisen in America. To counteract this there has been established the Antivenin In-

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stitute of America at Glenolden, Pennsylvania, where, as a subdivision of the Mulford Biological Laboratories, there is a central laboratory and snake house for the purpose of producing remedies for bites by poisonous serpents.

Until recently Brazil was the only country maintaining a laboratory for the production of antivenin, and Brazil is a long way off. The new enterprise is supported by the United Fruit Company, the New York Zoölogical Society, the Philadelphia Zoölogical Society, and the Zoölogical Society of San Diego, California. Dr. Afranio do Amaral, who was an important factor in the success of the Brazilian laboratory is in charge. As the result of an automobile trip through snake regions, he contributes to the annual report of the United Fruit Company's Medical Department an interesting chapter on the increasing danger from snake bite. "Through the experience gained on this trip," he observes, he has "come to the conclusion that there are annually in this country more than 1,000 cases of snake bite by poisonous species," and he believes that "the mortality rate in such accidents runs from ten per cent in the Northeast, Middle West, and Northwest, to twenty-five per cent in the Southeast and 35 per cent in the Southwest" where the percentage of bites is greater than anywhere else in the United States. Of course one thousand cases in a population of over a hundred million is proportionately very small.

"Ophidism," he declares, is becoming more dangerous here as well as in Central America because of the cleaning up of jungle ground for planting purposes. This, it seems, operates to increase the number of snakes as it develops a large supply of rodents upon which they feed. So in certain regions new peril multiplies not only to man but to domestic animals. Dr. Amaral figures the cattle loss in Texas due to snake bite at $1,000,000 per annum.

The institute wants snakes and welcomes contributions of living specimens. In three months it obtained venom from 4,000 rattlesnakes, and a supply also from copperheads and moccasins.

Orchestraless Chicago

BECAUSE they want and have been denied a hundred dollars a week basic pay instead of the eighty dollars they are getting now, the members of the Chicago Orchestra, founded by Theodore Thomas, have gone on strike and the orchestra has been disbanded. This ends, at least for the time being, one of the great orchestras of the world. Under Frederick Stock the Chicago Orchestra has attained a place of eminence. More than that, it has become a definite, composite musical personality. Its performances have had a character of their own. Such an orchestral personality cannot die without loss to the world and particularly to the city of which it has been a part.

This casualty in the musical world illustrates a dilemma in which music finds itself to-day. On the one hand orchestral music demands more and more of the players. They have to be not merely extremely skillful, but also sensitive and responsive to a degree incomprehensible to the non-musical mind. But skill is costly. Modern orchestral concerts cannot be self-supporting at prices which make them available to a large public. And as the appeal of music widens the cost of it is increased.

Abroad they meet this dilemma by government subsidies. Here we meet the cost by the generosity of the wealthy.

Should not orchestras be put on the same basis with great art museums and with universities? Then orchestral players would be on the same footing as college and university teachers. They would find their compensation partly in the prominence and the dignity of their calling. Some solution must be found; for generosity cannot long withstand strikes.

Pacific Relations on the Pacific

ONE advantage—perhaps the chief advantage—of such a gathering as that of the Institute of Pacific Relations, now in session in Honolulu, is that it acts as a megaphone or loud speaker. Ideas that have prevailed in one country sometimes reach no further than national boundaries because there is no adequate means of transmission. Newspapers do not always count ideas as news, and such ideas as they do consider of value as news are usually of the exceptional or sensational sort. Consequently, the prevailing opinion in one country fails to find its way to another country just because it is prevailing and therefore commonplace. A meeting of people of various nationalities, like that at Honolulu, may do great service by making news in one country of what is commonplace in another.

This may prove to be the significance of such a speech as that made before the Institute of Pacific Relations on July 16 by the Chairman of the Institute, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University. In particular, this may prove to be true with regard to what he said about the attitude of America that brought about present immigration laws. He characterizes America's present immigration policy as "an attempt to maintain the integrity of America." And Dr. Wilbur explains this as follows:

> America's experience with European immigrants materially influenced the procedure followed toward those who came from Asia at a later period. The differences in race, culture, and habits made it easier to focus attention upon them and to take more specific action. In spite of the discriminations that have already been put into effect there is a growing tendency on the part of the American people to deal on an equal basis with the inhabitants of all countries but to insist firmly upon the right of America to determine its own future population. I think it is safe to presume that the forces operating in American life will lead to the recognition that, while the people of other nations and other races may be different, they are in no sense inferior. . . .

So far Dr. Wilbur undoubtedly expresses a prevailing opinion, feeling, attitude of Americans. Whether that feeling will be expressed as he thinks it will be in legislation affecting all peoples uniformly is, we think, doubtful. Equality does not necessarily mean uniformity. Dr. Wilbur believes that the quota law will ultimately be applied to Asiatics as it is now applied to Europeans. We do not think that necessarily follows from the view that Dr. Wilbur expresses. Ultimately, we hope, the quota law will be abandoned as an attempt to apply a mathematical solution to a human problem. Some day the Government of the United States may acquire sufficient confidence in its own judgment to adopt immigration legislation which will admit immigrants that the country needs and can assimilate and no others. It will then be relieved from the demand of treating all nations alike by treating immigrants not as masses but as individuals.

The Vienna "Revolution"

THE violent rioting that raged in Vienna on July 15 and 16 subsided as suddenly as it began, so that foreign correspondents who rushed to the Austrian capital found it quiet and peaceful. Thus, the New York "Times" writer was told by the editor of a Socialist paper that the general strike was demonstrative, not political, and that the Socialists did not want to get the Seipel Government out. He was also shown a municipal proclamation saying that the workers and police were now together preserving peace.

This idyllic situation contrasts sur-

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Settled, not to come off

(Henry VIII, Act III, Scene 2)

Knott in the Dallas News

And he didn't even ask for cancellation or discount

From M. M. Kornfeld, Dallas, Texas

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

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It isn't much of a game for the spectator

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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Waitin' to see if they're going to shoot

From O. B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

"Gwan, hop off!"

From W. H. Du Moulin, New York, N. Y.

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prisingly with the two days of riot. The workers' immediate grievance was the acquittal of three Fascists accused of murdering a workman and a child. Early reports said that forty or more persons were killed and five hundred wounded in the street-fighting; that machine guns were used; that the fine Palace of Justice was burning; and that a real battle had waged around the Parliamentary Buildings. Seipel, it was stated, had summoned the army to Vienna. The second day's reports were equally alarming: they told of a paralysis of industry by general strike, of disaffection in the army, of renewed rioting. Then on the third day of the revolution came astonishingly placid accounts of peace and order!

The differences between the Government and the Socialists have been sharp for some time. The outcome of the last elections was awaited with many doubts, for they were hotly contested. The Government retained its position in the country—with the Socialists remaining in control in the capital city of Vienna. So the dilemma of a powerful metropolis with an administration opposed to the Government, in a small country, was accentuated. That is the background—and hence the call for forces from outside Vienna to check the rebellion.

As regards the movement for union with Germany—the so-called "Anschluss"—the revolt is likely to strengthen it, being cited as an indication that the situation of the Government is menaced. But both the Pan-Germans and the Government and also the Socialists are understood to favor union with Germany—the former for political and economic reasons and the latter for industrial and trades union motives.

The question is asked, "Could Austria be neutralized like Switzerland?" It is very doubtful, for the urge for economic union with either Germany or Hungary —or both—is strong. The great capital of Vienna finds it difficult to subsist, even though despotically and by force of arms, in a country shorn of nearly all the land it once held.

The Russians Retreat from China

MICHAEL BORODIN and other Bolshevik advisers of the Chinese Nationalists are said to have left Hankow, the capital of the radical Nationalist faction. This move is likely to be one of the highest importance in China's civil war. If it means that all the various Chinese groups—radical or reactionary —have finally taken affairs into their own hands, it will be a distinct gain. There will be some promise of a genuine Chinese settlement of the problem of national control.

A little while before the reported departure of Borodin, Eugene Chen, the Hankow Minister of Foreign Affairs, remarked in an interview that "after four years of work in the Chinese revolutionary cause Borodin needed a vacation." The other Nationalists of the moderate factions headed by General Chiang Kai-shek and Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang will probably not care whether he gets a "vacation" or a dismissal—so long as it lasts. Moscow—it is also rumored—is dissatisfied with the outcome of its part in the Chinese Nationalist movement, and has sent word to Borodin and his associates that they had better come home. That will be good news to all the friends of China.

At the same time, the Hankow government has "saved its face" by declaring that everything is going well in the territory under its command and that its forces will soon attack General Chiang Kai-shek and will surely capture Nanking, his capital, within ninety days. Chiang's soldiers, the Hankow spokesmen say, are only bound to him by the slightest loyalty and will desert readily to the other side. All these are assertions which observers will believe when they are proved. There has been no sign so far that any of them are true.

The withdrawal of the Russians is the one clear step in advance in China which may lead to a simplification of the whole crisis there.

Reformers in the Soviet Paradise

THE Russian Communists—in recalling their agents from China where they have been taking part in the Nationalist movement—probably have been moved to some extent by the fight developing in their own ranks. The government faction headed by Stalin finds itself facing an increasingly fierce opposition from the more radical faction headed by Trotsky and Zinoviev. This undoubtedly has embarrassed any adventures in propaganda abroad. This is the more likely to be true since the opposition appears to favor, for the moment, a "reasonable" policy in foreign affairs.

Within Russia the opposition stands for a militantly orthodox policy of Communism. Its program is based on division of the land of the richer peasants, by rental and other devices, together with credits and instruction for the poorer peasants, and on "less expensive" coördination of industry together with extension of the power of the trades unionists. Hand in hand with this plan of fortifying the town factory workers against the country land-holders is to go a modified foreign policy. It is to include increased facilities for foreign capital, perhaps—this a little doubtfully—a broader view of the question of recognizing foreign debts, and a relaxation of propaganda outside Russia.

As regards the internal program there is sharp division of opinion between the Soviet Government and the opposition. But so far as the external program is concerned, it is the opposition and not the Government that has made most trouble. The foreign policy now announced by the opposition is likely to open the way for the Government to do several things it might have been ready to do before except for fear of opinion at home. So, while a conflict is to be expected inside Russia over the treatment of the peasants—whom the Government considers it necessary to placate so far as possible—a period of easier political relations between Russia and the western world may be in sight.

A Double Celebration at the University of Paris

SOME workmen engaged in repairs at the University of Paris in 1893 unearthed an old marble slab whose inscription showed that on the eighteenth of March, 1627, the Cardinal Richelieu had placed the first stone in the buildings of the new Sorbonne which was to flourish so wonderfully under his patronage. That is to say, the indomitable cardinal who abandoned his red robe for the uniform of a musketeer before la Rochelle, in the course of the attack on the city charged his friend Francois de Harlay with the placing of the stone. In celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the renewal of life for the old Sorbonne, the University of Paris opened an historic exhibition on July 8 in the beautiful state reception rooms.

The many museums and libraries of France, as well as private collectors, have lent their treasures to swell those now in the university archives, and one may read much further back than the aforesaid slab, which is accompanied by reports of the ceremony, and the designs and estimates for construction. There is in fact, lent by the *Bibliothèque Nationale,* the original charter of February 2, 1257, whereby "Saint" Louis accorded Robert de Sorbon the privilege of installing a school, on given territory.

Accompanying this documentation of almost seven hundred years of uninter-

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rupted university life are many paintings —of Robert de Sorbon, of the Emperor Charlemagne, of Richelieu, and with them pictures of the old Sorbonne, its ancient colleges, its chapel, its great court.

It is these ancient colleges which lent importance to the second part of the celebration, the placing of the first stone in the British House in the *Cité Universitaire* by the Prince of Wales. For the second time within six months the heir to the English throne visited the international student city officially; for the Canadian House was inaugurated before the British was commenced, and is already being occupied. It is as a carrying over of this first form of the Sorbonne, when it was a collection of colleges representing the many countries from which the students came, that the *Cité Universitaire* has for the historian its most intrinsic interest. An account of this new phase of an ancient organization was given by Dr. E. F. Baldwin, of The Outlook's staff, in The Outlook for the eighteenth of last May. "The Mother of Universities" has completed a cycle, and in the course of centuries has reverted to the aggregation of units which, unique in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is unique again today.

More Trouble in Nicaragua

WHEN United States Marines disarmed the major forces of the Conservative government and the Liberal rebels in Nicaragua, it looked as if a period of at least quiet was at hand. But Colonel Henry L. Stimson, in negotiating the truce, must have counted without one obstinate Liberal leader, so-called—General Augusto Sandino.

On July 1, General Sandino was reported to have seized the American-owned gold mine of San Albino, at San Fernandez, in which he had been, so it is reported, once employed. More than $700,000 is said to have been invested in the development of the mine. The owner, Charles Butters, asked for protection through Minister Eberhardt, and a detachment of Marines was sent to recapture the mine. Evidently they met difficulties, for on July 12 Major G. D. Hatfield, commanding Marines at Managua, the capital, sent an ultimatum to General Sandino. He demanded that General Sandino lay down his arms at once. The recalcitrant rebel refused, and on July 17 his forces attacked a small detachment of American Marines (39 men, dispatches say) and a "group" of Nicaraguan constabulary. American airplanes took part and Sandino is said to have lost about 300 men, mostly killed by bombs.

Washington despatches have said that General Sandino has the reputation of being bent on forcing American action in Nicaragua. His reasons are not stated, but if they are political they are obviously to make it appear that the motives of the United States in Central America are imperialistic. In a letter to William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, who transmitted a Nicarguan labor leader's protest against American "imperialism," Secretary Kellogg has declared that Sandino's forces are "nothing but common outlaws" and have, so far as the Department of State knows, the support of neither of the political parties of Nicaragua.

The situation into which our Government has entered in Nicaragua is far from easy. General Rafael Nogales, of Venezuela, said recently, in an interview in Havana, Cuba, that rebellion in Nicaragua is far from ended. General Nogales was on his way to New York after a visit to Nicaragua, where he conferred with Dr. Sacasa, the chief of the Liberals. He pictured Uncle Sam as sitting on the lid of a turbulent revolt which would surely break out again.

It is not the pleasantest thing to be represented as imperialistic—but Uncle Sam could do worse things than save the lives of innocent people by sitting on the lid of revolution or banditry and guaranteeing a chance for free elections.

The Palestine Earthquake

AN earthquake in Palestine is not an unheard of thing, as references in the Bible and in Josephus show. That of 1837 was the last of great extent. The disaster of July 11th did its most serious damage outside of Jerusalem, in rural towns such as Hebron and Tiberias and to the eastward in Transjordania, which is under the British mandate. The deaths are about two hundred, the injured about four times that number. The town of Nablus (called Shechem in Bible time) suffered most severely.

In Jerusalem itself the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was cracked, but not badly so, and other buildings traditionally commemorative of scenes in the life and times of Christ sustained similar injury. A survey of the conditions of historical or reputedly historical places will be made, and it is believed that an extensive plan of repair will be formed.

A gratifying sequel of the disaster is found in the cabled statement that the common spirit of humanity in the face of disaster is inspiring speedy measures of relief in which Jew and Arab, Moslem and Christian, are joining hands.

Progress at Geneva

AT every international conference the most despondent people are to be found among the newspaper correspondents. Nothing seems quite so dark as an international conference in certain of its stages seems to certain men who have to write about it. Perhaps some day an habitué of what the headliners call parleys will explain the reason for the depressing effect that the presence of diplomats has upon certain journalistic minds. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact can scarcely be doubted. The most successful conference since the war, one of the most successful conferences ever held, was that at Washington which lasted from November 12, 1921, to February 6, 1922. Yet there were times when correspondence sent out from that Conference pictured it as on the rocks. By turns one nation and another were reported as plotting to scuttle the great ship Conference and let it flounder. So it has been with the Naval Conference at Geneva. Until the beginning of last week reports made it appear that if the Conference were to be saved from wreck there would be little left worth salvaging. Then on Tuesday the skies were reported as brighter, the weather more propitious, and the navigators more competent. Readers, however, must be prepared for the return of gloom.

There is every reason for believing that the Conference at Geneva will not adjourn until something has been accomplished. No one of the three nations there can afford to incur the odium of making such a Conference futile. The world has a right to expect of the three chief naval powers something definitely done to carry out what was well begun at Washington.

If these three Powers were engaged in a race of armament against one another, possibility of success would be far more remote. But Great Britain, Japan, and the United States are not armed against one another. This Conference is not for the purpose of reducing the horrors of a probable or even possible war between any two of them. There is no suspicion much less is there hostility to be reined in and kept from running rampant. The United States is not trying to keep the British navy down because it is afraid of a future encounter with the British on the high seas. Nor has Japan any longer visions of a hostile American fleet in the waters of the Far East. These

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three nations are simply attacking together a common problem. It is a problem of twofold character. It is a problem of domestic expense, and a problem of world-wide armament. If all three can cut down their navies, or at least keep them from expanding, they will all three save money that they sorely need for other things. And if they succeed in that, they will set an example to the rest of the world in the limitation of armament that will have its effect on the treasury of every government and on the heart of every people.

The difficulty in reaching an agreement among the three nations is due, not to any diversity of ultimate aim, but to a diversity of naval needs.

Great Britain has a far flung empire inter-connected with oceanic transportation lines. If she is going to guard that empire she must protect those lines. For this reason she would like a large number of comparatively light cruisers, based on her numerous fueling stations, and capable of dealing with submarines and other raiders of commercial shipping. She would like also to limit the arms of other nations so that her own merchant vessels, armed with six-inch guns, could meet hostile craft on nearly if not quite equal terms. The United States has no such need for a large number of small cruisers, but does need large cruisers with as great a steaming radius as possible so as to be as independent as possible of her few fueling stations, and with guns that can outrange those that could be mounted on a converted merchant vessel. Japan wants the larger guns but also the right to build a large number of smaller cruisers, and at the same time would be satisfied with less tonnage than would be her share if either Great Britain's minimum or America's maximum were adopted.

That, roughly, seems to be the situation at Geneva—three nations with a common aim but with diverse needs.

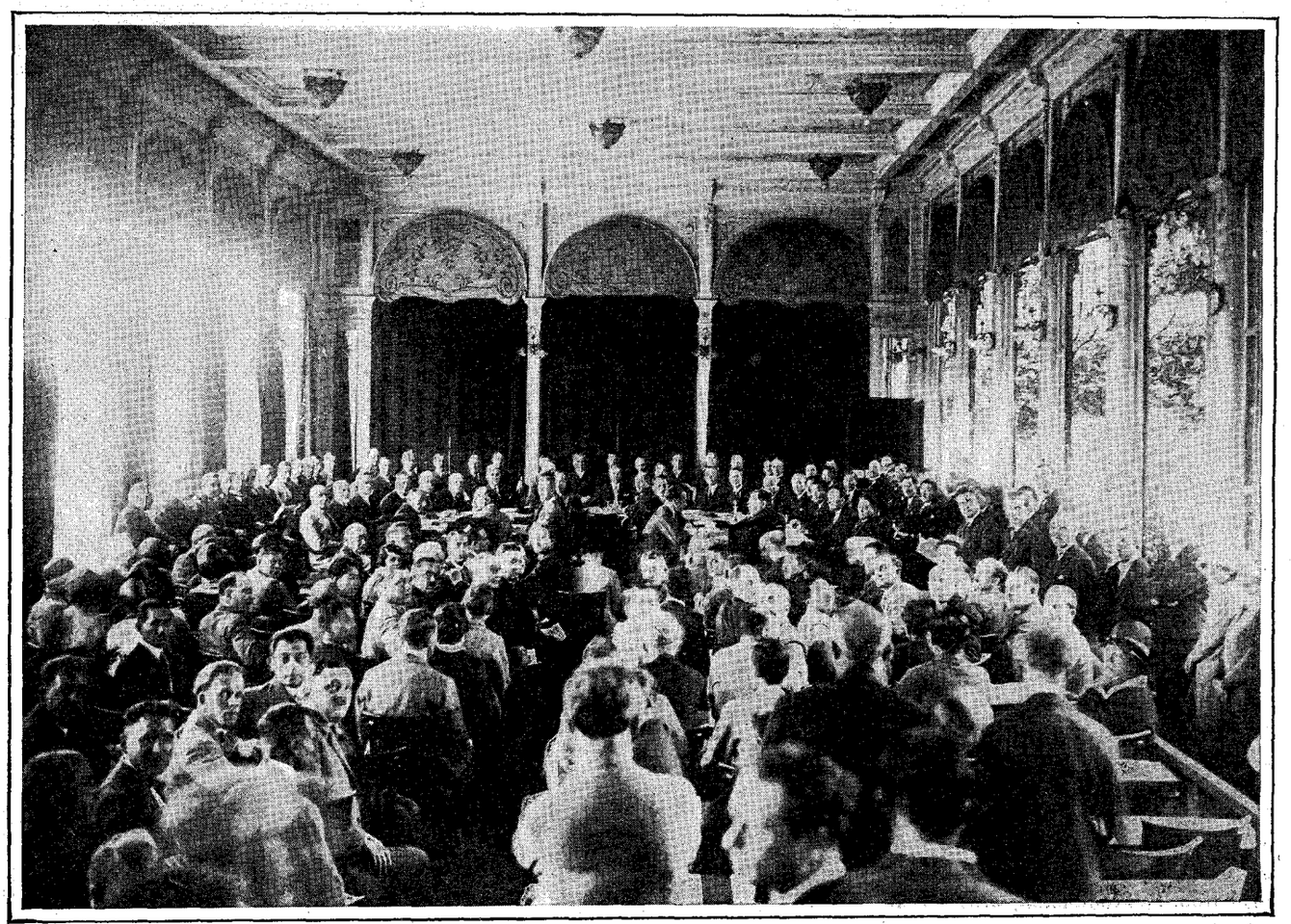
There is nothing in the problem which good will combined with intelligence and industry cannot solve.

A Great Discovery

THE New York "American," owned by William Randolph Hearst, has given birth to a great discovery. It is spreading its discovery over eight columns of type in almost every issue. It is, in short, shouting to high heaven the astonishing revelation that the Anti-Saloon League has been in politics. We feel like paraphrasing a threadbare jest by saying, "If the 'American' had discovered that the League was not in politics, that would have been news."

The disclosure, which is claimed to be based on the secret archives of the Anti-Saloon League, shows thatt he League has tried to influence the vote of legislators, that it has tried to secure the nomination of dry candidates, and that it keeps a watchful eye upon the conduct of men who are in charge of enforcing the Prohibition Act. To accomplish these ends, the "American" says, the Anti-Saloon League spends about as much money each year for its campaigns throughout the United States as one of the tobacco companies does in pushing the sales of a single brand of cigarettes. Only the "American" does not phrase this latter fact in quite these terms. It announces that nineteen men control the expenditure of $67,000,000. On closer examination it appears that the expenditure of the $67,000,000 ran over a period of some thirty-four years.

The owner of the "American," by the way, once wore a dry suit of clothes. He recently exchanged it for garments that are wringing wet. Of course the editorial policy of the "American" would in no way affect the accuracy or the bias



Wide World

Delegates at the Geneva Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armament

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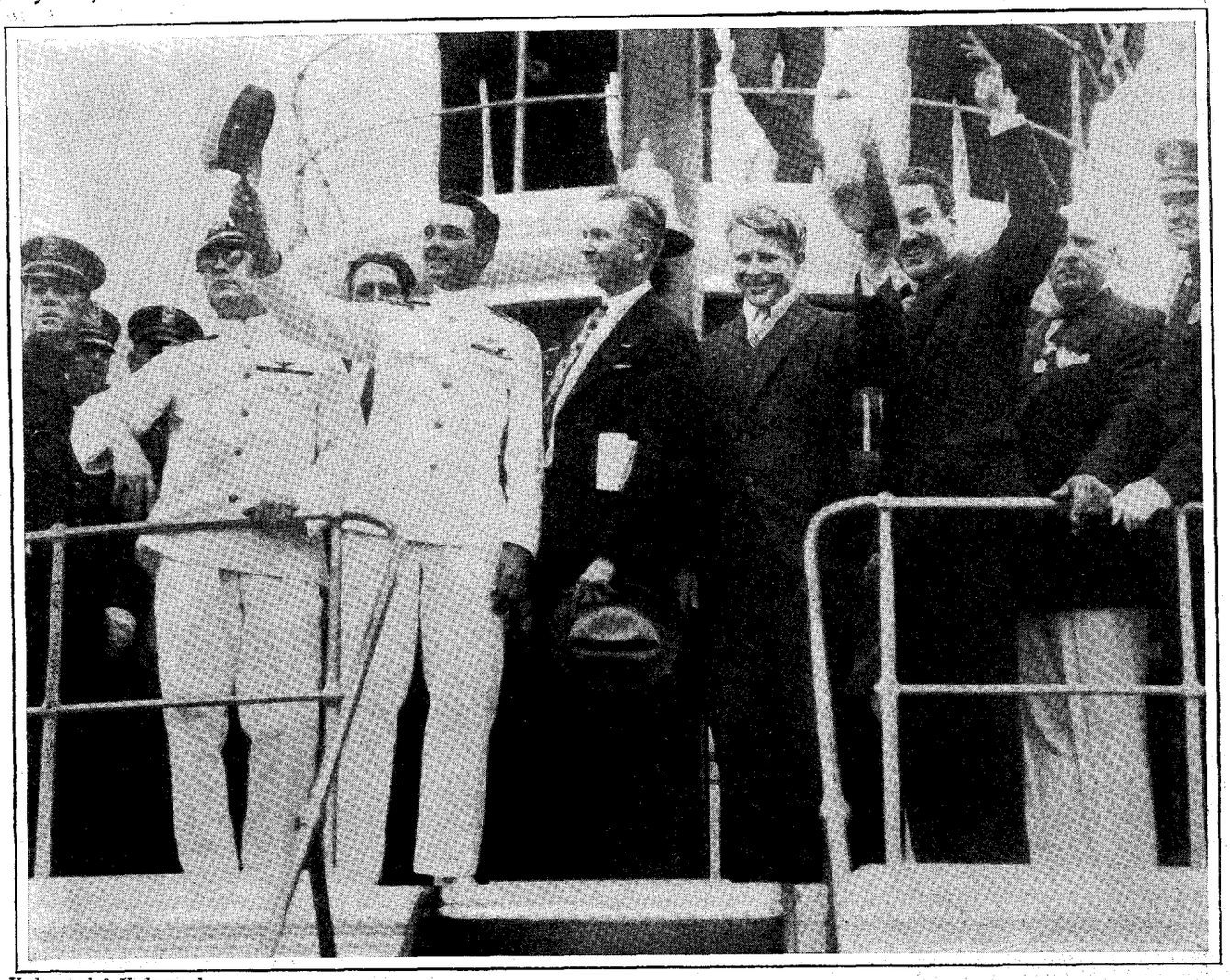

Underwood & Underwood

Five eagles come home. Lieutenant George O. Noville, Commander Byrd, Clarence D. Chamberlin, Bernt Balchen, and Bert Acosta as they came up the harbor of New York after leaving the Leviathan

of its news articles. The journalistic ethics of Mr. Hearst are such that his news columns and his editorial columns are completely divorced. The divorce law under which this separation has taken place sometimes, however, suggests that of South Carolina.

Byrd's Greatest Achievement

WITH a welcome which filled the air with snowlike confetti and the streets with paraders and watching throngs, New York City received on Monday of last week Commander Richard E. Byrd and his three companions in the third of this year's transatlantic flights, Lieutenant Noville, Bert Acosta, and Bernt Balchen, with Clarence D. Chamberlin, the pilot of the second flight this year to Europe.

Of what Commander Byrd's great flight means to aviation Major Conrad H. Biddlecombe, who himself eight years ago attempted an eastward transatlantic flight from Newfoundland, writes on another page.

But Commander Byrd has contributed to something more than aviation. What that is may be discerned in a passage from his own writings. By the courtesy of the New York "Times" we are permitted to reprint from Commander Byrd's copyright article which appeared in the New York "Times" for July 13 these words of his:

> The extraordinarily stirring days we had in France following those hours in the night fog and storm when we faced disaster have had the effect of forcing our minds to thoughts beyond the trying experiences we had—thoughts concerning international relations.
>
> After all, our flight was one of good will. Why, for example, has mankind inflicted on itself so cruel a thing as war? What relation have the wars of the past borne to the inscrutable prophecies of human progress? Could it be possible for any member of the crew of the America to see any of these French people, who have shown such hospitality to us, destroyed in any war? Surely not!
>
> Cannot I then say something for every patriotic citizen of our country?—for it was the people of our country whom they honored, it was the American flag which we carried which they saluted.
>
> Any American who might have witnessed the spontaneous acclamation of the French people everywhere when they shouted from their hearts *"Vive l'Amerique!"* would have felt exactly as we do.
>
> May it not be that aviation is an instrument of peace? It brings us closer together as neighbors and so brings greater knowledge of each other. And knowledge certainly makes for tolerance. Unfortunately physical proximity does not always make for mutual knowledge.
>
> Since I was 12 years of age I have been trained for war. It is not strange, however, that I am interested in peace, for our great country had not prepared me for aggressive war but for defensive. Incidentally, our navy is strong for peace. I shall always, however, be most heartily in favor of adequate defensive preparation.
>
> The fanatical pacifist is unattrac-

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tive, though I realize he may fit somewhere in the picture of life. His discussion begins and ends with the statement that wars are hell and should be abolished at any price. He does not trouble to make an analysis of war and peace and discover what effect they have on the onward march of the human race.

I want to say here with emphasis that one of the first and most essential things that must be done to tackle the problem of war is to make a scientific analysis of it so as to know how it has affected progress, how it may affect progress now and how it may affect the race in the future. Has it helped progress in the past? If it has, is it not unnatural that it should have done so. In the state of nature, animal eats animal. The strong and swift survive. Cruelty is the rule. By this ruthless method nature produces fine, stalwart species and noble races. This method is hard for the individual but necessary for the races—cruel to the living but beneficial to the future. To-day has always been sacrificed for to-morrow.

But we must not forget that the whole effort of civilization has been to build a wall around itself to keep out this state of cruel nature and to find substitutes for ruthlessness and to organize so that the cruel method of progress is not necessary. That, I repeat, is the very essence of civilization.

Is it not possible that our substitution and increasingly delicate mechanisms of civilization are gradually not only making war unnecessary but inefficient for purposes of progress?

I cannot say that that time has come. Such changes come about gradually. It is clear, however, that at some time in the future wars will be vestiges of useful phenomena—just as are appendices and extraordinary acquisitiveness and vengeance of primeval man.

If Commander Byrd were a mere visionary, his words would lack force. If he were merely a skillful aviator, his deeds would lack significance. But he has shown himself capable not only of doing great deeds, but also of holding before himself an ideal toward which these deeds are leading. It is the man who is willing to give himself in war, if need be, for the sake of an ideal who is most likely to be able to direct the thoughts and ways of men to the achievement of that ideal without war. Mere fear of the horrors of war will never drive war from the earth. The only thing that will abolish war is that development of good will, understanding, and reason which will enable men to adjust their clashing interests and harmonize their conflicting wills by other means than combat. And when war will have become, to use Commander Byrd's phrase, "not only . . . unnecessary, but inefficient for purposes of progress," the world will find that its happier state is due chiefly to the men who, like Commander Byrd, have combined vision with achievement.

Selling Democracy to the Voter

IN the November elections of 1926 two-thirds of the possible voters of the country stayed at home. This is the more remarkable because for the two previous years an active campaign to prod voters up to do their civic duty had been made by several large non-partisan organizations, hundreds of meetings to "sell democracy" over again to the American people had been held, and countless tons of literature had been sent out to enlighten the voter.

Puzzled at the negative results of all this effort, its inspirers sent out a questionnaire to their own members asking its recipients to tell frankly whether they had or had not voted; and if not, why not, and what ought to be done about it. Sixty thousand answers were received. They have been analyzed and commented upon by Mr. John Hays Hammond, Chairman of the Department on Political Education of the National Civic Federation.

Among the comments summarized in this illuminating document is one very short one which stands out like a lighthouse: "Have a real issue that every one cares about." Most of the other remedies proposed say, in effect, "Punish the non-voter," or, "Coax the voter," or, "Bribe the voter to vote by giving him a tax advantage." One energetic reformer advises: "Hound people out and drag them individually to the polls. Also suspend railroad service to the suburbs for the day."

But the man who asks for a real issue is the one who sees what General Apathy really means. In a non-Presidential year, when things are running smoothly, when most of the political ideas the voter is interested in are not up for discussion, when locally, despite the primary, there may not be any real contest at all, the average citizen must be stirred up by something stronger than an appeal to party loyalty.

Mr. Hammond recognizes this and proposes in its next campaign to employ intensive, individual effort rather than platform oratory and pamphlet publicity. Study of the things which should be vital in each State legislature and municipality will be put before the non-voter. In a Presidential campaign it is easy to arouse interest and even excitement; but two years later, although many Congressmen are elected, the non-voter just yawns and later abuses the Congress to better which he was too lazy to walk a few blocks.

One thing is certain. You will never force a man to vote by making a law to punish him if he doesn't—or rather, he will vote once just to overthrow that law. Neither can you coax him with buttered party slogans. You must interest him! If you don't, he will laugh in your face. And if you get him "good and mad" as the children say, while it may not help the particular political policy you advocate, it will for once outflank old General Apathy.

Congested Highways

A PRESSING American problem is the congested highway. With one automobile to every five in our population, if all our cars were in line they would form a procession approximately 50,000 miles long, which, allowing for scant head-room, would reach twice around the world! Automobiles choke the streets of cities and popular routes from city to country. Connecticut, a pioneer in road-making, is constantly widening her roads, only to find them ever narrow. The speed advantages of the automobile are being lost in the delays due to crowding.

What can be done about it? There is only one reply: More roads and wider ones, plus special highways for trucks. By moving at night trucks make some gain, yet this relief has been taken away by the expansion of bus lines. In some places the busses have replaced trolley cars, but in many others they are newcomers and add their long, wide bodies to the crush. They also increase the dangers, hiding, as they do, the vision of motorists and usurping with the insistence of giants the right of way. They are particularly dangerous when drawn up to the curb. But they have come to stay. It is not the busses or the trucks that are at fault, but the roads.

New road extension is a costly item, but it must come. Convenience has to be served. To delay a legion of motor cars for lack of facilities is to make their use more costly than the carrying charges for further construction. The world is on wheels. It insists on moving.

Perhaps in time the air will relieve the earth of some of its transit burden, but for the moment the solution is in the hands of road-builders, and these are more than full.

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The Grand Old Man of St. Andrews

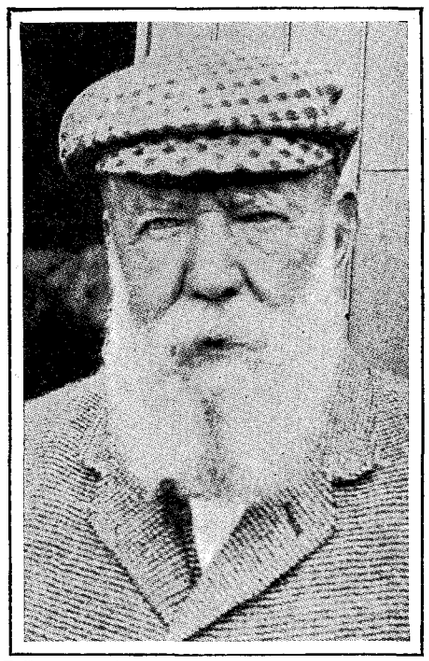
By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

AT the present moment the battle-ground of St. Andrews is as well known to all golfing Americans as Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill, or Waterloo. Thermopylæ may have its Leonidas, Bunker Hill its Prescott, and Waterloo its Wellington, but what is their glory or their patriotism compared to that of "Bobby" Jones who has just won an unprecedented victory at St. Andrews—unprecedented because the victory makes this young American amateur champion of the world at golf for the second consecutive year. Heretofore none but a Britisher has achieved the honor of winning this blue-ribbon championship twice in succession, and less than a handful of amateurs have ever won it since the contest was inaugurated in 1860 as an annual event. It calls for the highest skill since it is an "open championship," that is open to professionals and amateurs alike. If my memory is not at fault the only other amateurs who in a span of sixty-eight years have succeeded in beating the professionals are John Ball, Jr., and H. H. Hilton, both Englishmen. But neither of them equalled "Bobby's" feat of both capturing and in a successful defense retaining the highly prized cup.

No sporting contest has such a delightful literature associated with it, not even cricket or prize-fighting, although George Bernard Shaw in "Cashel Byron's Profession" and George Borrow in "Lavengro" have paid their glowing and readable tributes to the "manly art of self-defense." But the ancient and honorable game of golf is played at St. Andrews in an atmosphere reeking with literature and biography. The cricket oval at Lord's is no different, in point of play, from that at Canterbury, and Dr. W. G. Grace could make his centuries on one well rolled and sodded pitch or crease as well as another. The tennis courts at the English Wimbledon or the American Forest Hills are as alike as two peas and the aces served by Helen Wills or William Tilden at Wimbledon, beautiful as they may be, are precisely similar to their aces at Forest Hills.

On the other hand each of the eighteen holes of the old course at St. Andrews has its own traits, topography, allurements, and difficulties. Each shot is *sui generis*, calling for a special application of wit and skill, unlike in some detail any shot that ever has been played or ever will be played. What are sins for the ordinary player, such as "hooks" or "slices" or "tops," may be turned into sublime virtues by the deliberate intention of the golfing genius like "Bobby" Jones. No wonder that regiments of St. Andrews citizens followed him on his triumphant round of one hundred and eight holes which he



T. Werner Laurie, London

"Old Tom" Morris
He made a 94 at 83

played with scarcely an error during the five-day contest. No wonder that "Andra" Kirkaldy, one of the old veterans of the school of Tom Morris, exclaimed: "Mon, he's nae gowfer at all. He's juist a machine. In all my sixty-seven years I hae never-r-r seen such gowf."

St. Andrews is a small but ancient city of about ten thousand souls on the east coast of Scotland midway between the Firth of Forth and the Firth of Tay. Its vocation is golf; its avocation is education. It might boast, if it cared to, of the oldest university in Scotland founded in 1411, about three hundred years after Oxford and two hundred years before Harvard. But what it really boasts of, and justly, is the oldest golf club in the world, the "Royal and Ancient." It is an historical fact that the royal line of Stuarts were golfers, and there is a tradition that the beautiful but wretched Mary Queen of Scots neglected some of her more serious duties for the fascinations of the game. The old course, over which "Bobby" Jones has just won his glistening laurels is municipal property and anybody can play over it on payment of a fixed and very moderate fee. But woe betide the player who does not strictly observe the rules, regulations, and etiquette established by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club! This venerable and reverend body occupies a comfortable stone club-house near the first tee and is the fount of all golf legislation not only for St. Andrews but for golfers of every nationality in all parts of the earth.

The golf democracy of St. Andrews is almost utopian. There peers and plowmen are ranked by the skill and character—character, mind you, is an important element in the ranking—which they display on the links. The long mid-summer twilights of Scotland enable the artisans and clerks of the little university city to play after their work is done. Seated in a bay-window of the Marine Hotel which stands near the course I have seen at nine o'clock at night some of these artisans finishing their round of eighteen holes

Two golfing incidents may here be related which illustrate the democratic spirit of St. Andrews—one came my way by hearsay, the other by experience. "Andra" Kirkaldy (pronounced in broad Scots, Kercawdy) was one day playing with the Bishop of London, a very great personage. The Bishop got his ball into a terrible sand pit known by everybody at St. Andrews as "Hell Bunker" or "Hell" for short. By a masterly stroke with his niblick the Bishop extricated himself in one shot, a very creditable feat. Elated at his unhoped for prowess, the Bishop called to Kirkaldy: "Andrew, did you see me get out of 'Hell' with my niblick!" "Yes, my Lord," promptly responded the professional, "and I'd advise ye to tak' that niblick wi' ye when ye dee!"

My own experience justifies the reputation of the St. Andrews professional for unabashed frankness. Just before the World War I was playing a match over "the old course." I was dormy when we came to the tee of the seventeenth hole—known in St. Andrews literature as the "station master's garden hole" but called to-day by the newspaper correspondents "the greatly dreaded road hole"—and I needed only a half to win the match. In spite of the odds of half a stroke which my opponent was giving me I missed a twelve-inch putt and lost the hole. My caddie, a white-haired ex-professional of seventy years, said nothing but unutterable disgust gleamed in his eye. He probably had a small wager on the match with his colleague, my opponent's caddie. At the

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eighteenth tee, pressing to make sure of a half this time, I topped my drive and my ball rolled into the "Swilcan Burn," an ancient brook that crosses the course at that point. When my ball was retrieved and I was safely over, but with the hole almost irretrievably lost, the old caddie came up to me and, like a stern schoolmaster administering a rebuke, remarked: "Ye had no business to go into the bur-r-r-n, sir! Ye've broke my heart!" "But," said I, "it isn't my business to put heart into you; it's your business to put heart into me." "I've had no heart to put into ye, sir," was his sad rejoinder, "since ye missed that putt on the seventeenth green!"

The University of St. Andrews has had some distinguished scholars and famous men of the world connected with it. The names of Andrew Carnegie and Sir James Barrie are on the roster of its honorary Lord Rectors. But the one outstanding name at St. Andrews, the name that everybody knows and respects, is that of "Old Tom" Morris. He was called "Old Tom" to distinguish him from his almost equally famous son—"Young Tom," whose promising genius was cut off by death in youth—a sore blow to Old Tom.

Old Tom was born in 1821 and lived to be eighty-seven years of age. Thus his own experience and that of those great exponents of the game with whom he talked and played in his youth covered a span of more than a century. To the ardent golfer of St. Andrews Tom Morris, not Gladstone, is "the grand old man." His life has been written by a doctor of divinity to whom golf is apparently a second religion. Indeed, it was so with Old Tom himself. He was a respected elder of the Presbyterian "Kirk," and was once honored by being sent to Edinburgh as a representative of St. Andrews at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Only a Scotch Presbyterian can appreciate what this distinction must have meant. As greenkeeper he presided over his golf course with all of the honor and integrity and much of the reverence that he displayed in the Kirk. Golf is not played at St. Andrews on Sunday. Old Tom once said to two protesting Englishmen: "If you gentlemen dinna need a rest on the Sawbath, the links does." His two stamping-grounds, the kirk and the links, were inextricably mingled in his affections. Once when a visiting clergyman preached an especially eloquent sermon in the church of which Old Tom was an officer, he said to the preacher after the service: "Man, ye missed nae short putts the day," thus in a breath complimenting the perfection of the discourse and confessing his own besetting sin on the links. Like Mrs. Battle he was for the rigor of the game. He did not believe in stymies and argued for their abolition, but he always played them because they were authorized by the rules of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, the sanhedrim of golf. Both his skill and his sense of honor are revealed in a story related by his biographer, the Rev. Dr. W. W. Tulloch, son of the well-known Principal Tulloch of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. The whole passage, although rather long perhaps, is worth quoting because of the pleasant light it throws on the citizenship of St. Andrews, which, bound together by a common love of golf, was in truth a kind of fraternity:

> But amidst his work and golf play Tom got time to do something else. He found leisure to do a little bit of "courting," and in time he took unto himself a wife. The girl of his choice was Nancy Bayne. Her father was coachman at Kincaple, or some place in the neighborhood, and they were married from Captain Broughton's house at 2 Playfair Terrace, where she was then at service. The good old Captain, whom I remember well, would, I am sure, give the young couple as good a send-off as possible. He and Tom were old friends, and no doubt the Captain had a great respect for the bridegroom as well as for the bride. The following story is alike creditable both to Captain Broughton and Tom. It is said to have occurred at the High Hole. Tom was badly bunkered, and had tried once or twice to dislodge his obstinate ball, and playing two or three times.
>
> "Pick up your ball, Tom, it's no use," called out the Captain.
>
> "Na, na, I might hole it."
>
> "If you do I'll give you £50."
>
> "Done," replied Tom.
>
> He had another shot at it, eye on ball and perhaps one on the fair Nancy. By some million-to-one chance the ball did actually go into the hole.
>
> "That will mak' a nice nest-egg for me to put in the bank," said the young fellow; and he tells how "the Captain, he put on a gey sarious face, nae doot o' that, and passed on."
>
> The Captain honorably turned up with the £50, but Tom resolutely refused to touch a copper of the money, remarking that the whole affair was a joke, and "he wasna raly meaning it." No doubt the Captain remembered this when the marriage day came round.
>
> It was Principal Haldane who had baptised Tom, and probably the bride as well, who married them—"The Doctor," as I have said he was called.
>
> The Doctor was a great favorite in St. Andrews, and several stories are still told of him. For two of these I am indebted to a charming lady who knew him, and whom I am proud to call my friend. "Doctor or Principal Haldane," she writes me, "was a bachelor, yet had a wonderful gift of drawing children to him, and few could give so interesting and attractive an address to Sabbath School children as he did once a month in one of the large halls of the Madras College, at that time. Many still remember his kindly face and simple, expressive words; parents as well as children attended to hear the monthly address from the white-haired minister. The one romance of his life did not prosper. It is said that he secretly admired, when a young man, a Miss Jackson, relative of a University Professor. Not having courage to propose, he asked the lady to come and see his house, wishing to know if she approved of his pictures, furniture, etc., which she did. He then, in rather a hesitating manner, remarked that he rather thought there was still one thing wanting, hoping that the lady would understand and help him out; but she did not speak, so, after repeated attempts, he at last stammered out the remark that perhaps the only want was—a sideboard. And so it was all over, although friends suspected she would have been so pleased if he had said 'a wife.' So he remained a bachelor, the one romance of his life concluded."
>
> In the days preceding the Disruption of '43, when party feeling ran high, and it was well known that Dr. Haldane did not sympathize with Dissenters, a report reached him that one of his parishioners named Charles had been guilty of thrashing his wife. The Doctor called to remonstrate with him, saying, "Charles, what's this I hear about your being unkind to your wife?" To which Charles answered, "Weel, she's aye rinnin' to thae Disruption meetin's, neglecting the hoose, and I canna get ma meat." "Ay, Charles," said Dr. Haldane, solemnly shaking his head, a well-known habit of his, "but ye must be judeecious, ye must be judeecious."
>
> It was this fine old Scottish minister, then, who married Tom Morris and Nancy Bayne, and no doubt he would counsel the young couple to be "judeecious." And "judeecious" Tom has been all his days.

Such is the spirit of St. Andrews. In no other city in the world, perhaps, are character and skill so universally recognized as the standards of measurement of the worth of a man. It is because Bobby Jones measures up to these standards in a singular degree, because he is "judeecious" and honorable as well as skillful, that his victory was acclaimed

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PENNY COLLEGE
Parkside, Missouri

at St. Andrews with as much enthusiasm and generosity as if he had been a born Scotsman. He maintains the fine traditions of Old Tom Morris, who at forty years of age won the open championship in 1861 at Prestwick, and in 1904 at eighty-three years of age made the old course of St. Andrews in 94—46 out and 48 in. I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with him just after this fine performance. May Bobby have as long and as honorable a career, both as a golfer and a citizen, as Old Tom Morris! No better wish can be offered in his behalf.

Smith's Southern "Gains"

By George Fort Milton

Julian Harris, editor and general manager of the "Enquirer-Sun," of Columbus, Georgia, is a leader of courage. He has spoken at times when the timid were silent. He has dared to say the unpopular thing that he believed to be true and necessary to be known. He has withstood, and by withstanding has educated, public opinion. His voice has cried for justice for the Negro and has been heard beyond the borders of his State.

He has therefore earned the right to be taken seriously as a force for the liberation of public discussion from the bonds of the conventional.

In a recent editorial in his newspaper Mr. Harris takes up the cudgels against what he regards as religious bigotry. In particular he has vigorously opposed the course of the "Christian Index," which is "the organ and property of the Baptists of Georgia," in its method of discussing the fitness of Governor Smith to become the President of the United States. But he goes further than that. He denounces the Volstead Act and makes it clear that he has no sympathy with prohibition, at least in its present form. He plainly shows his hostility to the Anti-Saloon League. He pictures Woodrow Wilson as finding "distasteful the idea of the Eighteenth Amendment, which to-day has been haloed and set above the Bill of Rights and given preference above all the other laws of the land." And he concludes his editorial with this: "Let us remember that Alfred E. Smith in his opposition to the Volstead Act stands shoulder to shoulder with the great Woodrow Wilson, by whom it was vetoed."

In referring to this editorial Louis Seibold, in an article in the New York "Evening Post," declares, "The Georgia editor concludes his denunciation of use of the religious issue with the assurance most comforting to Governor Smith's Northern supporters, that his admirers in the South are rapidly increasing."

In the editorial itself, which we have received in response to our request for a copy of it, we do not find any such statement. Mr. Harris makes it very clear that he belongs to a small minority in his attitude toward what he calls "The Bootleggers' Protective Law—the Volstead Act." If he believes that in spite of the overwhelming majority in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, there is a growing sentiment for Governor Smith, opponent of both the Amendment and the Act, Mr. Harris does not say so in this editorial.

We have asked another Southern editor, well known to readers of The Outlook, Mr. George Fort Milton of the Chattanooga "News," to tell us what he thinks of the alleged growing sentiment for Governor Smith.—The Editors.

So far as I can see, Governor Smith is making no gains in the South. Developments of the last few months are not of a type to encourage the thought either that he will have substantial Southern support in the next Democratic National Convention, or that, if he were to be the party nominee, he would keep the Solid South solid in the fall.

Opposition to Governor Smith, in so far as it is grounded on his membership in the Roman Catholic Church, is on the wane, and we can all rejoice in the fact. The amount of Southern religious prejudice has been grossly exaggerated; the Klan is said to be far stronger in the North than in the South.

The main Southern dislike of Smith's nomination proceeds from his dripping wet views, his Tammany origin, background and environment, and his general Manhattan point of view, and I see no diminution at all of objections on these grounds. In fact, it is stronger than a few months ago. If Smith is to secure Southern delegates, it will only be through careful manipulation of the selection of "favorite son" delegations, the personnel of which might be contrived to be of men ostensibly for the favorite son, but really elected so as to be able at the earliest opportunity to desert the lightning rod for the foaming stein. The lure of a vice-presidential nomination might possibly be successfully dangled before one or two Southern "statesmen" greedy for empty honors. But I gravely doubt if Smith could win more than a score of delegates, if he were to make an out-in-the-open fight for them in the Congressional districts of the South.

One of the surest signs of Southern coolness to Smith is the recent emergence of a dozen Southern presidential booms. So long as there was a general belief that William G. McAdoo would be entered in the 1928 fight, Southern favorite sons were slow to appear. Parenthetically, it may be remarked that Mr. McAdoo has given not the slightest indication as to what his 1928 course will be, and that the chances of his getting in the fight are quite as good as of his remaining on the sidelines. If he should enter, it is my opinion that he would retain at least the Southern delegations he had at Madison Square, with the addition of Alabama, and parts of two or three other Dixie States. Mr. McAdoo's mysterious silence, in addition to puzzling the Tammany sachems, has led to a general and regretful Southern belief that he will not crystalize and focus Southern dry and progressive sentiment. So there has been a general recourse to favorite sons, as a means of avoiding the Tammany man.

The large list of possibilities being discussed shows the South's anxiety for anyone other than Smith. Here in Tennessee there is talk of Cordell Hull, Congressman, former head of the party's National Committee, and a great advocate of lowering the tariff. George, of Georgia, is being boomed in his home State. The Tar Heels are talking a great deal about Governor Angus McLean, whose North Carolina stewardship has been efficient and resultful; Virginia is anxious to do something for Governor Harry Byrd, brother of the noted aviator, and himself a man of force.

In Kentucky there is talk of the State's new Democratic Senator, Albin W. Barkley; Arkansas is expected to send Joe Robinson to the barrier again; Mississippi is even considering Pat Har-

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rison, and Texas is wondering if Dan Moody is old enough to do the job. So you see, the South is looking for a candidate; it doesn't like at all the idea of Al Smith.

Of the few sporadic Smith announcements, alleged to have been made, by Southern leaders, several were at once repudiated by those by whom they had been supposed to have been said. For instance, Carter Glass, of Virginia, was quoted as saying that his State was for Smith, a statement he quickly repudiated; Burleson, of Texas, came out for Smith, to the amusement of Texas, which knew the wet record and failing strength of the former Attorney-General; Underwood, once of Alabama, came out for Smith, but Underwood had not even dared run for his Senate seat in Alabama last year.

These Smith announcements had a peculiar air either of being incorrect or prearranged, as some huge propaganda machine at work. They bore the stamp of manufacture, and the South was more impressed by the repudiations than by the declarations. It looked as if the Smith boom was actively under way a year before the National convention, and as if Tammany henchmen were shelling unfamiliar woods. My own impression is that the Smith drive was premature, and ineffective, and that the deflation of the Tammany campaign has already perceptibly commenced.

There is a good deal of Southern talk in recent weeks, that if McAdoo doesn't run, Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, is the man the Democrats ought to nominate. This proceeds out of a very real admiration for the Senator's courage and progressiveness. The South knows that he is a real prohibitionist, and will not stand for nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment. He is regarded as a social liberal and economic progressive, the sort of President the South would be proud to have. The South respects Walsh's devotion to the faith of his fathers; and it knows that he is no Tammanyite, no nullifying wet. If McAdoo finally refuses to enter the race, it would not be at all surprising to see Walsh amass a great block of Southern delegates. Donahey, of Ohio, is the next most likely candidate in the South.

If Smith should by chance become the nominee, he would have a tough job in the South. If he came out of a presidential election without losing over 60 Southern electoral votes, he would be lucky. In the border States he would have practically no chance at all. His nomination might have one good collateral effect—a real rupture of the Solid South would give a chance for a fine two-party system. This would greatly benefit the South's political health. It would put an end to the Democratic party's taking the South for granted, something that no longer can safely be done.

Some Scientific Aspects of Commander Byrd's Transatlantic Flight

By C. H. Biddlecombe

To the scientists engaged in the many phases of research directed to one end—"America First in the Air"—the Atlantic Flight made by Byrd, Balchen, Acosta, and Noville brought mixed emotions.

On the one hand, there was the remarkably successful journey across three thousand miles of trackless sea with the aviators safely carried through well-nigh impossible weather conditions as a result of years of painstaking work by scientific minds.

The obverse of the shield carries the picture of Byrd and his gallant companions hopelessly lost—seeing nothing but rain and blackness—hearing nothing from the anxiously waiting world—and at last being forced to descend into the sea after putting up a splendid fight to attain their goal.

What, then, is the information gained by this magnificent effort?

First—that this country to-day worthily upholds the traditions handed on to the younger generation by the pioneers of inventive and engineering attainment—Fulton, Edison, Bell, Ford, the Wright Brothers—and all those others who have put America first in various spheres of mechanical progress. This further demonstration shows that we have to-day airplanes and motors of the finest in the world and men equal to all demands that may be made upon their courage, resource, and endurance.

The second outstanding feature of the flight is the remarkable progress that has been made in the production of instruments to aid the acts of flying and navigating aircraft. The weather flown through by the "America" was of the kind usually described as "impossible for flying"—and it would have been impossible only a very few years ago; the inability to leave the ground on the part of the airplanes detailed to meet Byrd on his arrival is sufficient comment on the weather prevailing. The "America's" successful flight through many hours of such weather before reaching European shores indicates the accuracy and reliability of the flying instruments of to-day—air-speed indicators, bank and turn indicators, climb indicators, compasses, radio equipment—all have reached a stage of development leaving little to be desired.

The third phase of the flight lies in the old paradox—"an airplane flies on the ground," and demonstrates again that history repeats itself; every vehicle that man has built has always been ahead of his facilities for using it.

Stage coaches and automobiles were handicapped by the lack of roads in their early years, steamships by inadequate docking facilities, railroad trains by poor road beds and imperfect signaling systems, and the airplane by defective ground organization, which has not kept pace in the scientific sense with the vehicle itself.

In the realm of pure research, there is vastly more to be done on the ground than in the air, to give the airplane it's rightful position as a fast, safe, and economical form of transport.

Byrd's experiences and the data obtained by him will be a valuable contribution to this research work, although the information was actually gained in the air; the future transatlantic passenger services, which must inevitably come within a decade, will be very largely dependent for their success upon further flights such as Byrd has made, all directed towards the collection of data of what may be termed of some scientific nature.

It is of interest to note that the development of an organization for the ready collection of the widely varying items of information necessary to the establishment of passenger carrying airplane service is now being set up by the

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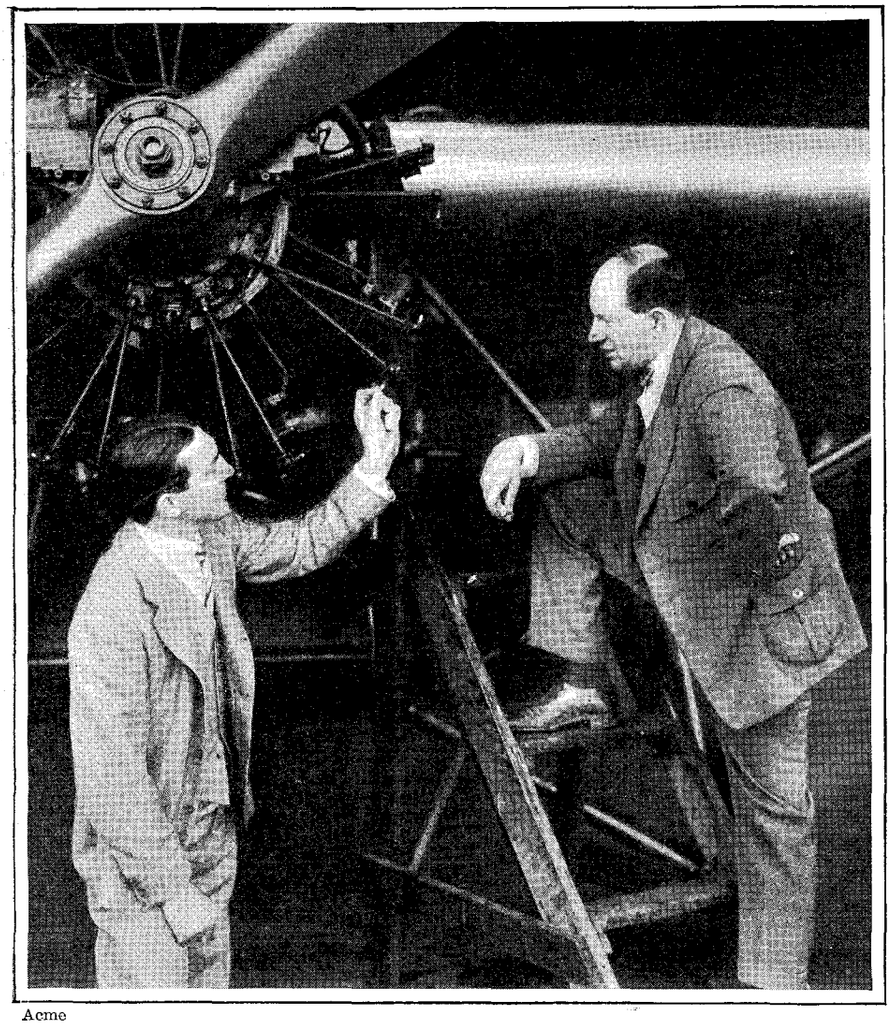

Acme

Anthony Fokker (right), designer and builder of the aircraft in which Commander Byrd flew over the North Pole and across the Atlantic, and the author of this article, Major C. H. Biddlecombe. The plane in the background is of similar type to that of Byrd's (with Wright motor) but smaller

Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics.

In this case the object of the fund is to develop modern passenger carrying airplanes operating over a regular route and providing a fund of experience on which both transcontinental and transoceanic passenger services may later draw.

The difficulties experienced by Byrd illustrate vividly the comparatively slow progress made in scientific research directed towards the removal of the aviator's severest handicap—bad weather at his intended destination. In this respect, the railroad and the steamship have been assisted by years of research work resulting in the production of automatic interlocking signaling devices for the one and submarine fog bells, radio compass stations, and leader cables for the other.

There thus remains for science to produce for the airplane the equivalent aids which will come from the combined labors of the meterologist, the chemist, and the engineer, and it may be hazarded that for long distance air transport such as transatlantic flights of the future, the meteorologist will play an all-important part.

It is by now well established that a high percentage of accuracy in weather forecasts for any given area can be reached by skilled observers familiar with that area and in possession of all the relevant facts governing the forecast. Given the work of the radio engineer in improving communications both from ground to ground and ground to air, there is no reason to prevent the successors of Commander Byrd from being fully informed of weather conditions for some hours ahead at any point between America and Europe.

The last link in the chain will be forged by the chemist and the engineer—in producing lights which will be visible at short ranges under the worst conditions, after the airplane has been brought close to its destination by the radio compass and the leader cable. The successful use in marine work of these two aids to navigation has proved clearly their adaptability for airplane use, and a very few years hence will see such installations at all large terminal airports.

The data obtained from the flight will be of the greatest value in determining some hitherto unknown factors relating to the wind directions and velocities normally prevailing across the Atlantic during the month of June. As is well known, the study of the upper air currents has engaged the attention of meteorologists to an increasing degree during the last few years, as, in addition to such knowledge being of direct value to the aviator using the upper air, the information obtained is of importance in the forecasting of future weather conditions.

There is yet much to be learned regarding the movement of the upper winds across the oceans of the world, and the temperature changes experienced at altitudes over the Atlantic—and similar stretches of water—are also a somewhat unknown factor at present. Byrd's contribution to this knowledge will be of considerable interest to the weather bureaus of all maritime nations.

A further phenomenon of the flight was the behavior of the compasses while the aircraft was in the vicinity of the iron mines on the coast of Spain. To mariners familiar with the northwest coast of Australia, the erratic indications of the compass noted by Byrd will be readily understandable. In the shallow waters of Cossack Bay on the Australian Coast, the presence of large iron deposits in the sea-bed, renders the magnetic compass useless, and Byrd's experience would indicate that the magnetic lines of force of the earth are distorted even at considerable altitudes in the neighborhood of large iron deposits. In the interests of scientific research, it is to be hoped that further information will be obtained to determine this point. It is, of course, possible that the errors of the compasses noted on the flight were due to electrical disturbances in the atmosphere; the "America" flew through many storms, and the steel fuselage construction may have resulted in the whole craft becoming magnetised, thus rendering the compasses useless. There is an authentic case of this happening to a large flying boat, which was magnetised during flight through a thunderstorm and remained so for some weeks afterwards, rendering it impossible to use a magnetic compass on the craft. Commander Byrd's experience may conceivably have been due to the same cause.

The net results of the flight, however, conclusively prove that American airplanes can fly almost anywhere under almost any weather conditions and that we need have no fears for the future of American aeronautics.

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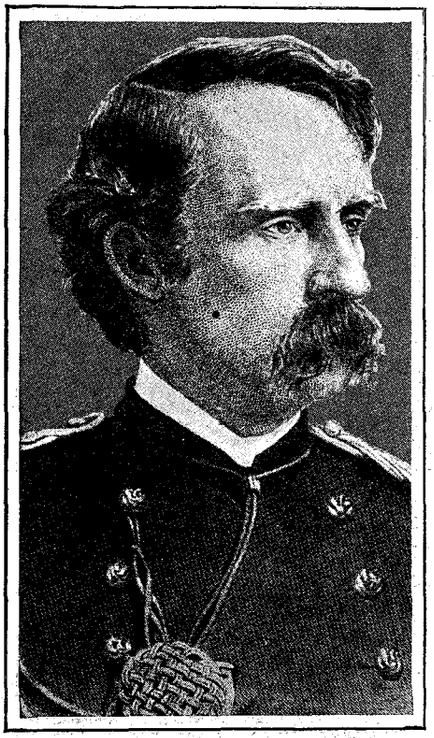
General Custer and the Indian Chiefs

By ELIZABETH BACON CUSTER



Keystone

This is General George A. Custer, one of America's heroic figures of the last century, who was killed by the Indians in the battle of Little Big Horn—

I WELL remember how the great chiefs of the Sioux came frequently to General Custer's quarters at Fort Lincoln and held long conferences with him about the Black Hills. They urged that the white men must not go into the Hills, that it was dangerous and would bring on war. The Indians deeply cherished the Black Hills. The country was so different from the dry plains and the Bad Lands because there was timber there and water and wonderful hunting. The chiefs said their people would fight to keep the land which had been promised them. The Indians despised the man who spoke with forked tongues, or broke promises, and after they were gone the General would say, "The Government must keep its promises to the Indians."

These Indian conferences were always given complete right of way by the General and the greatest respect and deference was shown to the chiefs. The General always gave a feast for them afterward. He recognized a true nobility in the Indian character, and respected their feeling of attachment for their land.

There was a time after the battle of the Little Big Horn when I could not have said this, but as the years have passed I have become convinced that the Indians were deeply wronged.

International

and his wife, Elizabeth Bacon Custer, who graciously consented to write the accompanying introduction to Colonel Bates's article

The Red Man and the Black Hills

By COLONEL CHARLES FRANCIS BATES

WESTERN Dakota, where President Coolidge is spending the summer, has been a witness of three last stands. As nature's giant internal fires in the center of the earth sullenly backed away toward the Pacific Ocean, they planted as their final defense the rear-guard of the Black Hills, a cluster of mountains in the midst of a prairie stretching far east to the Appalachians. It was for the Black Hills, revered home of their Great Spirit, that the Indians, pushed westward by the advance of the white race, made their last stand for the land they loved. Only a few miles to the northwest, the snow-capped Big Horn Range of the Rockies looked down upon the brave and tragic fight of Custer and his men as they made their last stand on the banks of the Little Big Horn.

The so-called Black Hills are in reality the highest mountains between the Rockies and the Alps of Switzerland. They are covered with a growth of Norway pine which in the sunlight gives the impression of intense blackness, and from this comes their name. Extending around the mountains as an outer rim about a circle are the so-called Bad Lands, and around these again is a vast area of rolling prairie, rich with vegetation and the finest pasturage. It is in this section that the sheep and cattle industry has flourished.

The Bad Lands have been described by General Sully, an early Indian fighter, as "the bottom of hell with the fires out." General Custer, in referring to them, said that if a map were covered with a number of ladies' thimbles, base downward, one could get a good idea of the succession of barren knobs of earth and highly colored clay. This arid region is utterly without vegetation, and the earth is sometimes white, giving the impression of chalk bluffs, and again a bright crimson. From this red clay comes the brilliant paint which with his war bonnet and feathers made the Indian a formidable figure when he mounted his fleet pony and started out on the war-path.

Between the clay knobs or buttes of

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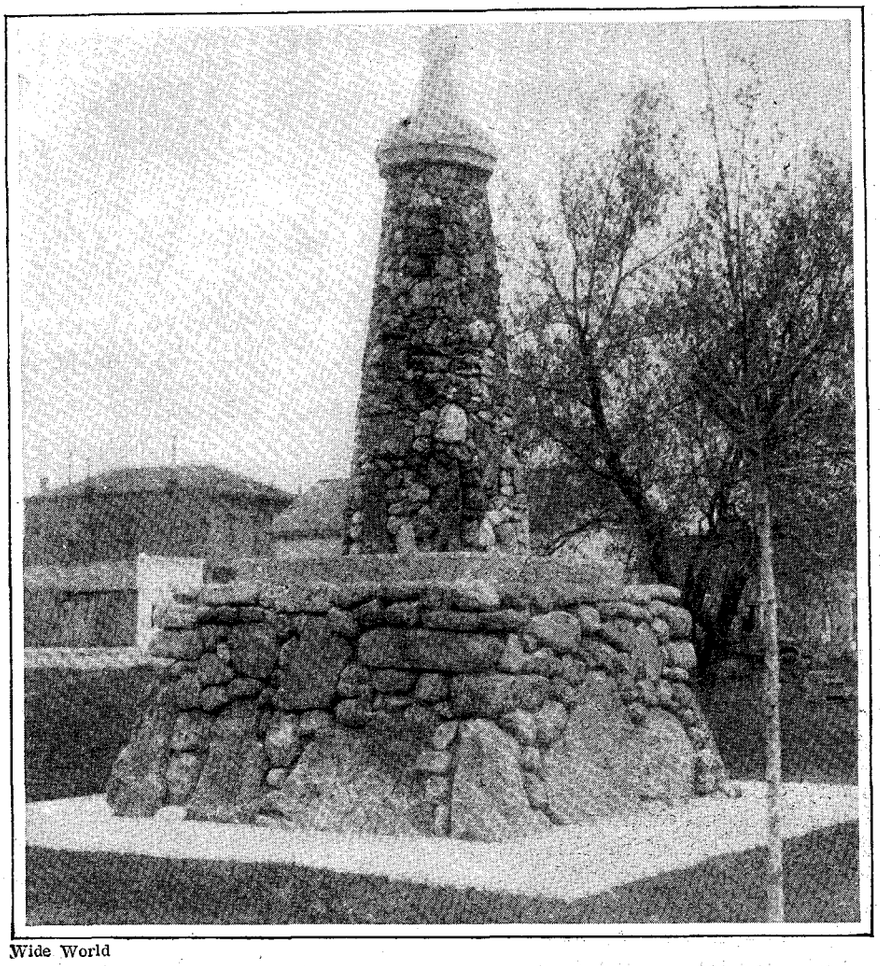
the Bad Lands are deep chasms, sometimes apparently bottomless valleys, of which a traveler has no conception until his horse rears suddenly on the edge of a precipitous cliff. These chasms remind one of Victor Hugo's description of the sunken road of Ohain into which Napoleon's famous cuirassiers plunged during the Battle of Waterloo, but the combined cavalry of the world's armies might be lost in these deep gorges of the Bad Lands.

THE Black Hills region was the Indian story land, the home of the religion of the great Dakota Nation, so sacred that they would seldom venture within its portals lest too much familiarity should displease the Supreme Ruler of the world. Their tradition was that the Great Spirit had set aside these Hills for his own private hunting-ground, and that fire from heaven would kill those who ventured within its dark and wooded mountains.

The Dakota Nation, or the Sioux, as the French called them, originally had their home east of the Alleghany Mountains, but were pushed farther and farther to the west by unfriendly Indian tribes and by the early French settlers. As early as 1632 they were located chiefly in what are now the States of the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Wisconsin.



Wide World

The discoverer of gold in the Black Hills, Horace N. Ross, is remembered by this monument in South Dakota

THE modern period of dealing with the Sioux under the American Government began with a treaty in 1815, which admitted the right of the tribe to an immense tract of land including much of Minnesota, most of the Dakotas, and a large part of Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, and Wyoming. Indian affairs were managed at first by the War Department, but later they were transferred to the Department of the Interior.

The tribe was divided into the Eastern and the Western Sioux, according as they were east or west of the Missouri River. Those east of the Missouri, about ten thousand in number, settled down on farms and were peaceable and contented, adopting as far as they could the white man's civilization. With the Western Sioux, the wilder and more restless members of the tribe, the Government made a treaty in 1868 which secured to them the right to a vast permanent area including the Black Hills. Most of these Indians were on reservations set apart for them under the treaty. On each of these reservations there was an Indian agent appointed by the Department of the Interior, whose duty it was to furnish food and clothing to the Indians according to the terms of the treaty. There were other Indians not on the reservation whose right to roam and hunt over lands set aside for the purpose of hunting was recognized by the treaty. The Indians on the reservation could get permission from the agent to join the roaming Indians for the summer hunting. It was during this summer season that the Indians had their great Sun Dance and other tribal ceremonies.

BUT the ink was scarcely dry on this treaty of 1868 when it was broken in 1869 by the United States Government through a military order. It was announced that as a rule the roaming Indians would be considered as hostile, and therefore under military jurisdiction. This was a complete denial of their treaty rights. Yet the confusion of the Government in dealing with the Indians is shown by the fact that, in spite of this order, Congress, as late as 1875, was making appropriations of ten dollars each for the roaming Indians.

But with the Western Sioux, whom from now on we shall call merely the Indians, the Government again and again broke its treaties. Whenever white men wanted the Indians' hunting land for their own purposes, the Indians were told remorselessly to "move on." Five times the Sioux were promised land "as long as water runs and grass grows," but each time they were ordered on under the thin pretense of a cancellation of a treaty. The truth was there was no place for them to go, no place the white man did not want—except the Bad Lands, into which they might at last be hurled like Napoleon's cavalry and forgotten by all the world. One indignant chief said: "I have been moved five times. Why don't you put the Indians on wheels so you can run them about more easily?"

There was also failure to furnish proper food and clothing by the agencies, as had been promised in the treaties. Not a few of the Indian agents were either inefficient or corrupt or both, and all of them, good or bad, were underpaid. The result was that the cattle furnished the Indians for meat were often undersized and underfed, the flour was dark and of inferior quality, and the pork was sometimes so bad that the Indians received it with disgust and threw much of it away on the spot. There were times when the Indians were actually starving and were forced to eat

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dogs, wolves, and ponies. It is no wonder that large numbers on the reservation went out to join the roaming Indians for buffalo hunting in the summer. Once when General Custer told one of the chiefs that he would try to get him a new agent, the chief replied: "We don't want a new agent. Agents come here poor and get rich in a few years. If a new one comes, we will have to make him rich also. They may be good when they leave Washington, but when they get here they are damn rascals."

At the same time that the Indians were suffering from the maladministration of the Indian agents they were being deprived of their only means of supporting life by hunting the buffalo. It had been found that buffalo hides made splendid belts for machinery, and white hunters went into the Indians' hunting country and mercilessly slaughtered the animals for their hides. In the years 1872, 1873, 1874, five million buffalo were thus slaughtered in defiance of the treaties, which stipulated that white men were not allowed in the Indian country without the permission of the Indians. This brought about a situation very suddenly in which the Indians found themselves starving and helpless.

In July, 1874, a Government expedition went into the Black Hills to study the relation of the Hills to the adjacent army posts, with a view to the establishment of other posts to control the Indians. General Custer led this expedition, and he was accompanied by scientists who wished to investigate the resources of the country. It was on this expedition that gold was discovered. General Custer in his report was very guarded in his statements as to whether the gold was in paying quantities, and his geologist, Professor Winchell, stated that he did not see any indications of gold. Red Cloud, one of the leading Sioux chiefs, said that the Indians had known there was gold there since 1800.

The news of gold in the Black Hills spread like a prairie fire. The popular interpretation of Custer's cautious statements was that gold had been found "from the grass roots down." Miners and prospectors rushed in, troops under Government orders rushed after them, burning their wagon trains and escorting them out, in an effort to guard the Indians' rights, and turned them over to the civil courts, which promptly turned them loose, probably with a mild injunction not to do it again. Back they went, of course, as it was easy to evade the scattered soldiers. One man said: "I have been captured and sent out from the Hills four times. I give the troops more trouble in catching me each time. I guess I can stand it as long as they can."

In the summer of 1875 the Government sent another expedition into the Black Hills, under Colonel Richard I. Dodge, which made careful maps of the country and confirmed the finding of gold.

The Government soon recognized that the troops could not resist the pressure of the thousands of miners and settlers who were streaming toward the Black Hills. This country, after all, is a democracy, and the Government can only carry out the wishes of its people. Plans were immediately made to persuade the Indians to give up their lands. This, of course, meant coercion. The Indians were in reality prisoners of war, and now, deprived of their means of self-support and furnished with poor or inadequate supplies, they were to have taken from them their sacred land, the home of their religion. It did not take very keen observers to see that war with the Sioux was inevitable.

President Grant was not personally responsible for the situation which had been brought about. He was an earnest student of the Indian problem and desired to do the best thing possible for the Indians. He was wrongly advised that the Sioux would be better off if they were moved to the Indian Territory, where the Five Civilized Tribes had already been settled. There was ample room for them there and some of their chiefs were willing to go, but Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull violently opposed the scheme, and aroused the war spirit of their followers to protect the rights which had been guaranteed to them.

In December, 1875, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs gave instructions to the different Indian agents to notify the Indians that they must all be at their agencies by January 31, 1876, or "a military force would be sent to compel them." Owing to the shortness of the rations issued at the agencies, many of the reservation Indians had gone out to join the roaming Indians in the summer of 1875 and had not returned. The order reached them in the dead of winter and with a time limit so short that it was impossible for them to comply. The intense cold and deep snow, together with the weakened condition of their ponies, prevented them from making the long trips even if they had wished to do so. The messengers themselves who carried the order did not in some cases succeed in returning to the agencies until a week after the time limit set by the order. The object of the Indian Commissioner was evidently to enable the Army to strike the Indian villages before they could be moved, as they easily could in the spring and summer. Fairness to the Indians was not considered.

The story of the battles with the Sioux in 1876 is too long to go into here. Crook fought them in March and again in June, both times with little success, and on June 25 Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull wiped out Custer and five companies of the Seventh Cavalry as they were heroically attempting to carry out the War Department's orders. Terry and Gibbon joined Crook later, forming a force of nearly four thousand men, and there was much marching, but no fighting. The Indians would not fight when outnumbered, their greater knowledge of the country and the ease with which they traveled making it easy for them to avoid the soldiers when they wished.

Terry and Crook finally decided to separate, and Crook with two thousand men started for the Black Hills to get provisions for his men and to protect the settlers there. At Deadwood, a wild frontier mining camp, he and his men were received with joy. The number of white men in the Hills was now several thousand, and the Indians had cut them off completely from the outside world. Four hundred of the more scattered miners had during that summer paid with their lives for their defiance of the Indians' rights. The Indians were not the only ones who committed atrocities in this frontier war. Scalps of Indians had been auctioned off in the streets of Deadwood amid great rejoicing. Crook's arrival, even with his fatigued and half-starved soldiers, who had marched through twenty-two days of rain and had subsisted chiefly on horse meat, assured the settlers of protection and drove the Indians farther away.

Not long after this the Sioux in despair gave up their rights to the Black Hills, receiving practically no return for them. The treaty of 1868 with the Sioux, signed by four civilian commissioners and four prominent army officers, including General W. T. Sherman, had provided that no part of the Indian lands could be ceded to the whites without the signatures "of at least three-fourths of all the adult male Indians occupying or interested in the same." This would have required at least six thousand signatures, yet only 241 names were signed to the treaty in which the Sioux gave up the Black Hills. It might have been contended that the treaty of 1868 had been abrogated by acts of war on the part of the Indians, but the Gov-

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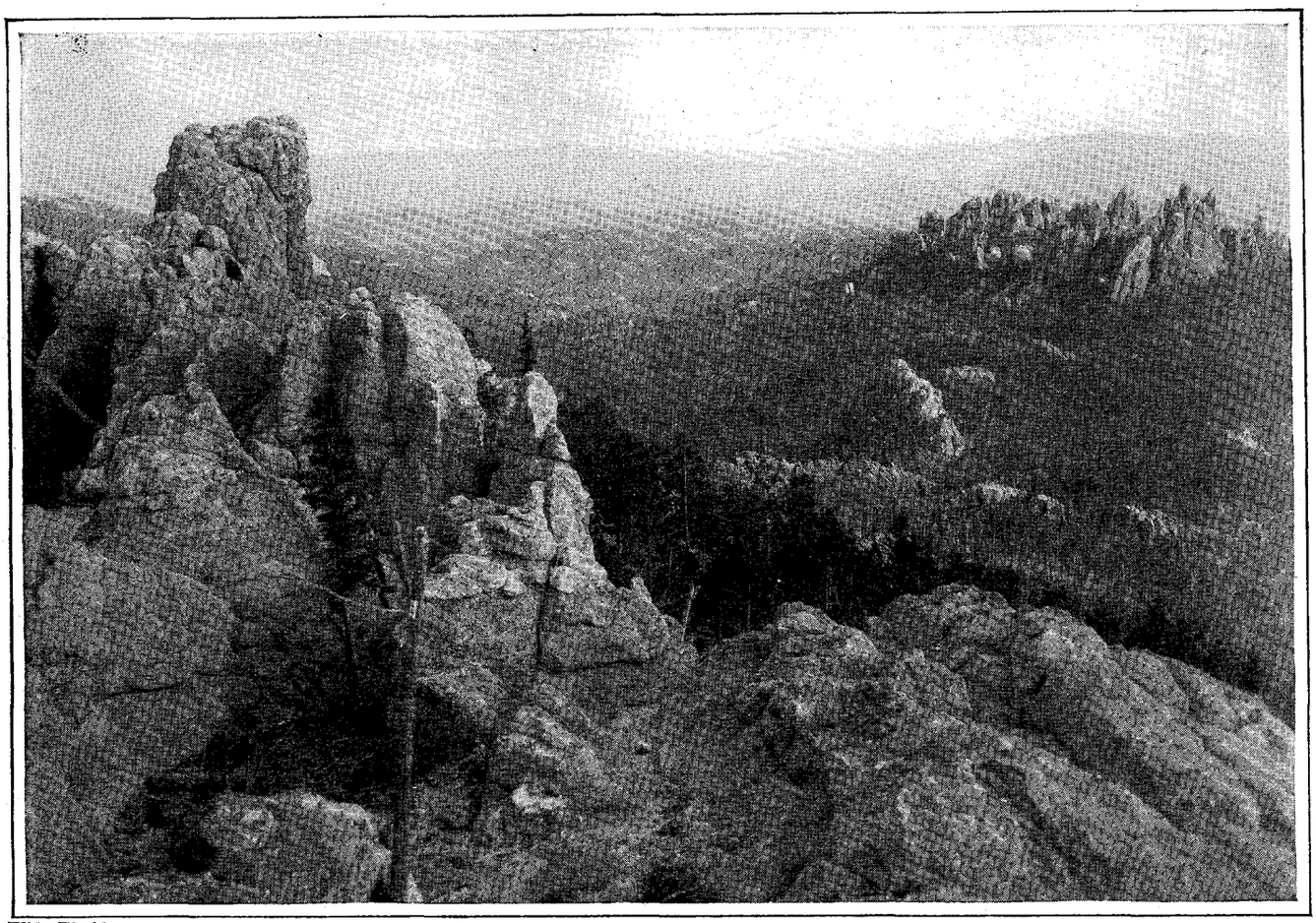

Wide World

This is the view from Harney Peak, the highest elevation in the Black Hills

ernment had been the first to break its provisions, and the articles of the old treaty were practically unchanged, except that the Indians were denied the right of hunting, and gave up the lands which the white man wanted. It was a case of the Indians taking what the white men were willing to give them. In February, 1877, President Grant signed the proclamation officially opening the Black Hills to settlement by the whites.

THE finest part of the Black Hills is now included in a State Park which is named for General Custer. One naturally asks, "Why was Custer's name given to this park?" Because his reports of the expedition which he led into the Black Hills attracted the attention of the whole country to their beauty and resources. It is true that he did not make the extravagant statements about the gold there which were attributed to him, but he did state that it had been found, and he thoroughly appreciated the possibilities for the development of agriculture and sheep and cattle raising. While others were claiming that the land in the Black Hills was unfit for white settlers, that it was not arable, and that the rainfall was insufficient, Custer persistently maintained that it was a valuable agricultural country, with an abundant rainfall and great possibilities for the future. His judgment has been abundantly vindicated.

In spite of the possibilities he saw in the Black Hills, General Custer was not one of those who favored taking them ruthlessly from the Indians. In 1875 he said to a reporter of the New York "Herald" in New York: "The success of the reservation system depends on the Government keeping its promises. . . . The Indians have a strong attachment for the lands containing the bones of their ancestors and dislike to leave it. Love of country is almost a religion with them. It is not the value of the land that they consider; but there is a strong local attachment that the white man does not feel, and consequently does not respect. . . . He [the Indian] keenly feels the injustice that has been done him, and, being of a proud and haughty nature, he resents it."

General Custer was fighting the battle of the Indians when he courageously made the charges against Belknap, Grant's Secretary of War, which helped to bring about and strengthen Belknap's impeachment and subsequent resignation. He was fighting the battle for them when he stated to a reporter of the New York "Herald" in May, 1875, that he knew, as the result of an investigation of the Stony Rock Agency, that some of the Indians there had actually died of starvation. He had offered to supply them with provisions from the Army stores, but the Indian Commissioner had refused to allow this. His dramatic death on the Little Big Horn drew the attention of the whole country to the wrongs of the Indians which had led to this deplorable and unnecessary war. He lost the Battle of the Little Big Horn, but in the end he won the fight for fairer treatment of the Indians. The Sioux recognized this, and to-day they revere his name. The story of his courage and his manliness is told by the camp-fire of many a lonely tepee in the great Northwest.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is now in the midst of the Black Hills, with its memories of the Sioux and of Custer. The very atmosphere there is said to lead to creative thinking. The Indian problem is still a vital one, and the appointment of every official, high or low, who deals with the Indians should be made with the greatest care. The Chief Executive of the Nation is in a position now to study the problem anew, and perhaps he will be able to work out a better solution than has yet been reached of the relations of the two races.

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The Code

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

WILL BEEBE'S home from isles of sun and mist!
Will Beebe, sportsman, poet, scientist,
And gay adventurer, whose eyes have known
In fearless wanderings through every zone
All forms of life, and death in many forms.

We talked of perils faced in tropic storms,
On land, on sea, and under-sea as well;
But when we called on Will, said he: "I'll tell
About the bravest thing I ever saw
In wars of men or strife of tooth and claw.
My hero is a lizard.
"You will find
His harmless little green, ant-eating kind
Deep in Guiana jungles.
"When they fight,
As even lizards do, and right or might
Prevails, the lizard who is beaten
Thrusts out his tongue, the last ant he has eaten
Upon the end; the victor takes that fee
In ransom paid, and sets the vanquished free.

"I marked my lizard in his leafy lair
And greatly wanted him—the type is rare.
He led a lively chase, until I cast
My hat upon him, dived, and clutched him fast.
I held him up, the little chap in green,
The most courageous mite I've ever seen;
He knew I had him, so he didn't try
To kick or squirm, but looked me in the eye
And, unappalled though helpless in my grip,
Ran out his tongue, an ant stuck on the tip!

"What could I do? He trusted me;—and so
I took the ant and let the lizard go."

The Two Autocracies of the Left and Right

By NATALIE DE BOGORY

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once wrote that little importance need be attached to the railings against evening-dress shirts when they emanate from a man who has never owned one. The protest becomes serious only when it comes from those who have the frequent habit of dressing for dinner.

The same can be said of revolutionary movements: when radical thought is sponsored by people who have nothing to lose by disorder and change, and a good deal to gain, in all probability, there is always room for skepticism and fear for the result. The means to obtain the result very seldom bear investigation. But when a revolutionary movement is started by the very people whose interests it will eventually injure it is always based on high idealism and probity in action. It is this fact which made the beginnings of the Russian revolutionary movement so striking, and which caused the profound split between the clean and idealistic revolutionaries of the old school and the unprincipled adventurers who jumped in to reap the loot in the moment of Russia's disintegration in 1917.

The men and women who started the revolt against the abuses of the defunct Czarist régime are gradually leaving us, and there is no doubt that with their passing the last vestiges of idealistic revolutionism are also fading out. The death of Vladimir Debogory-Mokrievitch removes almost the last of the so-called old revolutionists. Among the few who remain is Catherine Breshkovsky, "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," whose activities paralleled those of my father in the 'seventies, when so many of the young Russian nobility, seeing the misery and need of the peasantry about them, decided to undertake to change the condition. Although there had already been an outburst of revolutionism in 1825 among the nobility at Court, this later revolt was the actual beginning of the movement which culminated in the overthrow of the Czar, unfortunately placing the destinies of Russia in the hands of people for whom patriotism did not exist and sacrifice for one's country was nothing but an empty sound.

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The Revolution of 1905 did not give my father the right to return to Russia, and it was only the catastrophe of 1917 which opened wide the doors. All the old revolutionists—Peter Kropotkin, Nicholas Tchaikovsky, Vladimir Bourtzeff, Debogory-Mokrievitch—pulled up roots and started for "home," where their dreams of a free Russia were at last to come true. The story of their disillusionment is well known. Bourtzeff was thrown in prison, and now lives in Paris. The others have all left us.

It took five years of suffering and starvation before Debogory-Mokrievitch managed to get out of the Bolshevik paradise under a false name and an adopted citizenship. As a Russian and under his own name, it was impossible to leave. He returned to western Europe an even greater enemy of revolution than he had been before and an even firmer believer in the Russian peasant, the backbone and real power of the Russia of the future.

In discussing Czarism and Bolshevism what my father always pointed out was the similarity between the two. Czarism demanded hats off before the national anthem. Bolshevism demands the same to the strains of the "International."

"Each tune is a good piece of music," my father would remark, "but I dislike being forced to take off my hat to either one or the other."

UNDER the Czarist régime the class of officialdom was of stupendous proportions, profound ignorance, and colossal parasitism. Thousands of men of no ability rose to high situations through family connections and backstairs politics. In no way fitted for Government office, they represented a class of sycophants without parallel. And, as is always the case with ignorant people, they were thoroughly conservative and profoundly corrupt. The slightest originality of thought or deviation from the ruling ideas was regarded as criminal by them. Corruption was proverbial, graft obtaining whatever a supplicant might desire. It was only natural that during the war this spirit led to such abuses and inefficiency as few other countries could boast, and every intelligent person in Russia was awake to the situation. Such writers as Gogol laughed at this class, Ostrovsky wove comedies about it, while Dostoievsky brought out the abuses in grimmer form. It was a national weakness, and one largely responsible for the disaster of 1917.

Any system of government which lacks intrinsic ability and has no support from the people must carry a stupendous police system with which to maintain itself. The "Third Division" was a widespread network of spies, penetrating into every layer of society, a colossal police system. When the young revolutionists of Debogory-Mokrievitch's epoch were strong enough to represent a movement, entirely owing to the stupid persecutions of the Government, spies were introduced in their midst. Since that time this system has become established and several of the celebrated political assassinations were inspired by *agents provocateurs* of the famous Azeff type. All sincere efforts at reform were crushed ruthlessly, which resulted in the undoing of the régime, for no government can exist on force and corruption alone. To be permanent it must take into consideration the happiness and wishes of the masses.

UNDER Bolshevism the methods pursued are identical. The official class is tremendous, and just as little fitted for work as under Czarism. Its ignorance is just as profound, the corruption, if anything, even more widespread, since the revolutionary Government, having no sense of its stability, exists on the principle of making hay while the sun shines. The same spirit of sycophantic acquiescence pervades the governing circles, since none but declared Bolsheviks are employed. The label is as rigorously demanded as it was under Czarism. And there is no doubt that just as liberal-thinking people worked under Czarism, so now Imperialists accept the Bolshevik label as a means of earning a living. The human comedy has not changed. Under Czarism the revolutionists received aid from the most unexpected quarters, now the Bolsheviki have hidden and unexpected enemies. The frequency with which Bolshevik agents sell out proves this fact, and the chiefs are aware of this, for they do not trust their employees. An elaborate system of spies spying on other spies has been built up until every Bolshevik seems to be a spy watching every other Bolshevik. Bolshevik secrets are sold at minimum prices, and only recently a chief of a Soviet bureau in one of the European capitals walked out with the papers of his own bureau, which he peddled about brazenly, thus disclosing the network of Bolshevik activities both in Europe and in the United States. This defalcation alone entailed the changing of codes, of secret addresses, and the wholesale shifting of active agents on the part of Moscow.

In the days of revolutionary activities books were published abroad and smuggled across the Russian border for distribution. To-day vast quantities of anti-Bolshevist literature are brought into Russia via secret channels and distributed with the same secrecy and zeal as before. Under Czarism revolutionists made secret trips to Russia for propaganda purposes, traveling across the frontier with the aid of contrabandists. Now clever men, whom the Bolsheviki would hang on sight should they catch them, also make periodic trips into Russia, using the same contraband methods of crossing the frontier. And now, as before, these messengers of an opposing policy are sought by the police and, if caught, handled without compunction. Perhaps the Bolsheviki are quicker to shoot without trial.

The parallel in the police organization is just as striking. The famous Tcheka is an exact counterpart of the Third Division as to methods and activities, except that the former has exaggerated the evil in the system. Under Czarism spies were numerous, but they remained spies. Under Bolshevism so many people are forced to become spies that it is impossible to trust anybody. Denunciation is the means of petty vengeance, and without doubt many of the individuals who did the dirty work under Czarism are doing the same under Bolshevism. The prisons are just as crowded with political opponents and plots against the Bolsheviks are as frequent as they were against the Czar. The Siberian exile system is in vogue, as it was before, and always for the same crime—that of thinking differently. The system of *agents provocateurs* has been carefully cultivated and even developed further than it was under Czarism, for throughout all European and American cities exist *salons* to which unsuspecting people are enticed. Information is thus wormed out, a procedure easy in itself, since so many of the traitors come from the military and noble class, and many a courier sent to Russia on political missions has been thus caught and executed.

THE serious Russians of to-day are in the same state of mind as were those of fifty years ago, except that they have changed sides. All the liberal-minded and revolutionary-thinking were in opposition to autocracy; now these have combined with the monarchists in their struggle against Bolshevism. Unfortunately, the absolutely united front among them is not possible, since among the monarchists there remain many who still dream of a return to their estates and the resumption of the care-free life of old. Fortunately, they will never present a force, since even among themselves they are divided in allegiance between the Grand Dukes Nicholas and

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Cyril, neither of whom the Russian masses in all probability desire or care about.

RUSSIA has not really changed much. The old abuses exist—some less, others more. The nobility is gone, which, on the whole, is not a great loss. There never was any understanding or cohesion between the peasant and the Government, and there is none now. The Bolsheviki sell concessions, demand graft, suppress plots against themselves, and feed thousands of sycophants. The *moujik* still bends over his plow and plods through the day's work. His only wish is to be left alone. The lack of schools for his children is just as acute as before and the teaching just as faulty. In the old days they were taught that the supreme being was the Czar, now Karl Marx has replaced him.

"The peasant," my father would say, "wanted the land, and not the nobility. He got the land and rid himself of the noble. He did not want Communism, being a small landlord, and he has not got it. He wants the Church, and has it more crowded than ever. The peasant household is sufficient unto itself and the disintegration of the country has not touched it much. I am a firm believer in the *moujik*, the backbone of Russia, and so long as he remains uncorrupt Russia is not lost. The proletariat of the cities has been demoralized by the Bolshevik virus, consequently nothing can be expected of him. But the *moujik* lives on the land, and Mother Earth cannot be 'bluffed' by Marxian phraseology. The Revolution has undoubtedly developed some vices in him, but he knows that to eat he must work. And therein lies the hope and salvation of the Russia of the future."

France's Empty Chair

An Unofficial Spokesman Explains the Absence of French Delegates from the Party at Geneva And Is Reported

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

A FRENCH friend has thus explained to me the absence of France from the Naval Conference summoned by President Coolidge.

"In considering naval construction we French are confronted, as you Americans are not, by the force of two facts:

"(1) Inherent national need;

"(2) The competition of other naval Powers.

"As to widespread inherent need, Great Britain leads the world; she is, as we are, an Atlantic, a Pacific, and a Mediterranean Power, but she has very much larger coast and communications lines to protect. In coast-lines you come next; in communications lines, we do. Japan is the only Great Power with a larger mileage in coast than in communications lines. Finally, comes Italy.

"It would not be easy to establish general relative ratios for the above disparate national necessities.

"Even were that possible, one nation might specialize in battleships, another in cruisers, and a third in submarines. Under these circumstances, how would you reckon the relative strength of those fleets?

"As to battleships, in 1922, at Washington, your Foreign Secretary, Mr. Hughes, did brilliantly obtain an agreement by yourselves, the British, the Japanese, the Italians, and ourselves on relative maximum tonnages. But he could not obtain them for other classes of craft—cruisers, destroyers, submarines. Ever since then we have smarted under the battleship-proportion decision, unjust to us as compared with you and England, but especially as compared with Japan or Italy. Save Britain, no one of these Powers forms an empire stretching round the globe as does ours. Yet you now propose applying the battleship ratio to the total tonnage in each category of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, far more necessary to us, and your President has called a conference to discuss the matter.

"We cannot reply favorably. Though the Washington Conference was a huge success in inducing economy, there would be no economy to us, we believe, even to discuss the matter as proposed, though we have met with considerable criticism from you because of our stand.

"There are five reasons for our opposition.

I—A Conference Already at Work

"IN the first place, with fifty-five nations of the world we are already in the process of discussing general arms limitations—land, sea, air. For some time a preparatory commission has been at work to make ready the agenda for the coming general conference. Now a special conference, composed of the chief naval Powers, to discuss the most important of armament problems would, in our opinion, be an unwarranted thrust at the general conference, and particularly at the equality of states, great and small.

"Our first objection, therefore is that of the proposed conference.

II—Battleship Ratio Impossible

"SECOND, even were this general conference not an issue, we could not accept your President's invitation. True, in 1921, we did, for we saw that a special agreement on capital ships by the few Powers using them was admissible. But we could not then have joined, and cannot now, a limited conference for the disposal of auxiliary craft in which all navies are directly interested. In this no arithmetical ratio, following that of battleships already agreed on, such as you suggest, should rule. Only a country's actual needs should rule.

"Take cruisers. They are the class closest to capital ships and, next to them, the most expensive to build. In number and quality Japan outdistances us in them and could swoop down upon Saigon and snatch Cochin China from us at any time she chose. As regards Italy, however, our cruisers' strength, built and building, is considerably greater, as it should be. Of categories, the insistent need is in light cruisers, as demanded by protection to British and French world-wide trade routes. You Americans have no such need.

"France is animated only by peaceful intentions. She does not want, nor does she need, any ship save for the purposes of patrol and defense. Nevertheless for such purposes she is compelled to construct a larger total number and a larger total tonnage of auxiliary craft than would be possible under the ratio suggested by your delegation at the present Conference. Instead of any arithmetical class ratio, such as you propose, we

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study the requirements laid upon each vessel. That is why we have so large a number of submarines.

"Our second objection to participation in the proposed conference is therefore one of individual need.

III—Armament Interdependence

"THIRD, we stand for the principle of armament interdependence. No class should be a privileged class, as your proposal would bring about, and thus escape the general international tutelage arranged for the others. Therefore they should be dealt with simultaneously and as a whole.

"Moreover, an average tonnage should nevertheless be determined, we believe with you; and also the limitation of quantity and quality of each battleship of each class should be determined consistent with freedom to every Power to control the type, number, and tonnage of the vessels best suited to its needs.

"In this opinion Italy, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia stand with us. On the other hand, you, England, and Japan would rigorously limit classes by fixing absolute maximum tonnages.

"Our third objection is therefore based on economic interdependence.

IV—"War Potential"

"NEXT, in fixing the defense of each Power, no conclusion is just or practical, in our opinion, unless it takes into account "war potential," namely, population, economic and financial resources, agriculture, industry, production, etc.—all that contributes to develop an offensive or defensive force.

"Here, again, Italy, Belgium, and the Slav states follow us; you, England, and Japan consider only the immediate means of defense.

"Our fourth objection, therefore, is that we are bound to consider, not only ships, but everything that contributes to an offensive force.

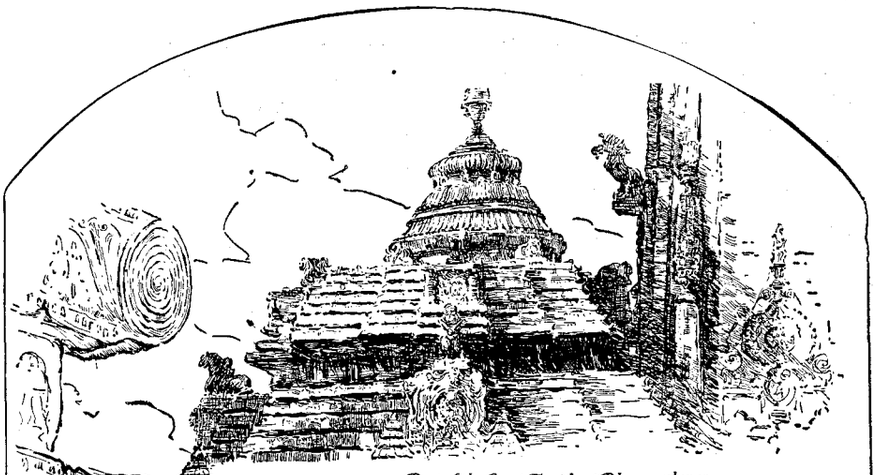
V—The Other States

"LASTLY, even suppose the Powers invited to the present Conference should agree, will the others follow suit?

"In 1924, at Rome, did those not represented at the Washington Conference of 1921–2 adopt the principle agreed upon at that Conference? As the decisions of the present Conference will affect seacraft more essential to them, the chances of agreement are proportionately less.

"Our final objection, therefore, lies in the assurances already received from the Powers that they stand with us rather than with you."

Dijon, July 2, 1927.



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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Stamps and Civilization

By DON C. SEITZ

THE progress of the world is better measured by the perfection of postal systems than any other form of comparison. In "The Pageant of Civilization"[1] Mr. F. B. Warren sets out to show by the story of postage-stamps how the countries of the earth have advanced. He has done much more than compile a catalogue for collectors.

Undeniably stamp collecting is the easiest of hobbies to acquire. Most collectors start with stamps as small boys and then diverge into other fields. Yet stamp collecting holds a formidable following, at the head of which stands King George V of England. His collection of British and colonial stamps is considered the costliest and most complete in existence, even though it lacks that most precious of all philatelic possessions—the British Guiana one-cent issue, printed in black on magenta, of 1856, for a specimen of which Arthur Hind paid $32,500. It is a pleasure to learn that his Majesty's penchant for postal rarities has often made him poor for the moment. His collection is valued at more than $500,000.

Other rulers who cultivate the fad are Alfonso of Spain, Fuad of Egypt, Albert of Belgium, Hirohito of Japan, Elizabeth of Rumania, Queen Maud of Norway, the Prince of Monaco, and the Maharajah of Gwalior. Plenty of princes enjoy the sport, including the Prince of Wales, the Prince of Piedmont, and the Crown Prince of Sweden. The English peerage includes many votaries of stamp collecting.

Quite properly, Mr. Warren's long saga of stamp lore begins with Christopher Columbus, who has been much honored in Latin-American lands with pictorial reproductions on postage-stamps, even though Spain itself proved ungrateful in his lifetime. Nor does Peru forget Atahualpa, Emperor of the Incas. The liberators of South America from Spanish rule come in for liberal display, though Pizarro and Manco Capac are not forgotten. Indeed, the stamps of Latin America constitute an almost complete historical panorama of its past. The troubled Central American states have produced a notable pictorial series. Mexico, Central and South America may be backward when measured by North American standards, but they are not behind in certain forms of art—certainly not in statuary and stamps.

France follows in order. She probably furnished the most interesting postal episodes in history during the famous Siege of Paris by the Prussian forces in 1870–1, when balloons and carrier pigeons were kept busy distributing mail from and to the beleaguered city. Between September 23, 1870, and January 28, 1871, when the white flag flew, sixty-five ascensions were made. Two gas-bags were blown out to sea and their pilots drowned. One landed in Prussia, another in Norway, 1,950 miles away. It was an uncertain, exciting game. Something like 4,000,000 letters were thus transported. The balloons took out homing pigeons, and these brought back microscopic missives concealed in quills, to be enlarged 300 diameters by photography. One experiment, that of taking out dogs, in the hope that they might sneak their way back, failed. All the dogs were shot. The pigeons fared better. France and her colonies provide a vast and varied output for the collector. Mr. Warren reveals that Louis Napoleon became the "Third" of his kind because the printers mistook three exclamation points on his proclamation for Roman numerals. He saw no reason to change, even though the Eaglet had never been on the throne. The error emphasized the durance of the Napoleonic dynasty.

England, of course, vies with France in her far-flung enterprises. Here again the colonies afford the most interest, though the stamps that bear Victoria and her heirs are all commonplace. The Irish Free State stamps are beautiful in Gaelic designs.

The law does not permit the reproduction of United States stamps, so the chapter devoted to them is not colorful. The chronology tells graphically the tale of American expansion from coast to coast and overseas. Not all our Presidents have found place on envelopes. John Adams, Andrew Johnson, Chester A. Arthur, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, William H. Harrison, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, and Millard Fillmore have all been overlooked by the engravers. None of these left many friends behind when they departed from office, which explains the neglect.

The Sandwich Islands in royal and republican days had excellent stamps, and the South Sea colonies of the several nations are also represented. Mexico's progress is strikingly illustrated by its stamps. Indeed, a collection from our neighbor's post office would be well worth having both for beauty and for historical value. Cuba too furnishes another line.

So the tale goes on of the pioneering peoples, notably the Dutch, and down to the great World War, with its making of new nations even unto Palestine. The stamps of the distant East—Persia, China, and Japan—complete the charming chronicle.

One wonders, on completing the reading of Mr. Warren's volume, how one small head can compass all he knows. Certainly here is set down an amazing quantity of accurate information.

The post office, as Dr. Charles W. Eliot wrote and Woodrow Wilson amended for the inscription on the façade of the Washington edifice is indeed:

"Courier of news and knowledge, instrument of trade and industry, promoter of mutual acquaintance, peace, and good will among nations, messenger of sympathy and love, servant of parted friends, consoler of the lonely, bond of the scattered family, enlarger of the common life."

[1] The Pageant of Civilization. World Romance and Adventure Told by Postage Stamps. By F. B. Warren. The Century Company, New York. $6.

Answers to the Sherlock Holmes Examination

(See last week's Outlook)

1. Apparently in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. (See "A Study in Scarlet.")

2. Living on a small farm on the Downs, five miles from Eastbourne. He is well, although occasionally attacked by rheumatism. (Doubtless due to his life in a cave on Dartmoor, while hunting the Hound of the Baskervilles.) He is engaged in agriculture, bee-keeping, and the study of philosophy. (See prefatory note to "His Last Bow.")

3. "The Adventure of the Second Stain."

4. That while he had an erratic

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knowledge of chemistry, geology, law, and music, and a profound acquaintance with criminal history, he was totally ignorant of many other branches of knowledge; for instance, literature and astronomy. He had never heard of Carlyle, and did not know that the earth went round the sun. (See "A Study in Scarlet.")

5. No. Either Holmes was fooling Watson or else he bought the Five-Foot Shelf and took to reading on an extended plan. He cultivated a fine taste in literature—he quotes Hafiz ("A Case of Identity"), he carries a pocket Petrarch to read on the train ("The Boscombe Valley Mystery"), he wishes to talk about George Meredith (same story), and he quotes Flaubert ("The Red-Headed League"). As for astronomy, he discusses with Watson "the causes of the change in the obliquity of the ecliptic" ("The Greek Interpreter"), which certainly sounds like astronomy to me.

6. He spent two years at a college not named. (See "The 'Gloria Scott.'") The type of men with him there suggests Oxford.

7. By no means. His creator seems to have adopted and exaggerated the public impression of him. Finally, Holmes is allowed ruthlessly to insult Watson and adopt the manner of Johnson to Boswell. (See "The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax.")

8. In "The Lost Special" (as "an amateur reasoner of some celebrity at that date") and in "The Man With the Watches" (as "a well-known criminal investigator"), both stories appearing in "Round the Fire Stories." The language and methods of Holmes are unmistakable.

9. About thirty-two. Ten of them are: "The Adventure of the Paradol Chamber," "The Amateur Mendicant Society," "The Singular Adventures of the Grice Patersons in the Island of Uffa," "The Tarleton Murders," "The Singular Affair of the Aluminum Crutch," "Ricoletti of the Club Foot and His Abominable Wife," "The Investigation of the Sudden Death of Cardinal Tosca," "The Arrest of Wilson the Notorious Canary-trainer," "The Repulsive Story of the Red Leech and the Terrible Death of Crosby the Banker," "The Addleton Tragedy and the Singular Contents of the Ancient British Barrow."

10. "The Musgrave Ritual."

11. "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot."

12. "A Study in Scarlet," "The Noble Bachelor," "The Dancing Men," "The Valley of Fear."

13. Cigars in coal-scuttle. Tobacco in

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By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink

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The Editors of The Outlook
120 East 16th St. New York City

toe of a Persian slipper. ("The Musgrave Ritual.")

14. Morstan. ("The Sign of Four.")

15. Three years. Traveling in Tibet, Persia, Arabia, the Sudan, and working in a laboratory in southern France. ("The Empty House.")

16. His ancestors "were country squires, who appear to have led much the same life as is natural to their class." But his grandmother was "the sister of Vernet, the French artist," and he thought that the influence of "art in the blood, . . . liable to take the strangest forms," led to his peculiar abilities. ("The Greek Interpreter.")

17. (A) Audited the books in some of the Government departments. ("The Greek Interpreter.") But later he seems to have risen to much greater importance as a sort of consultant on general information for the Government. ("The Bruce-Partington Plans.") (B) The Diogenes, in Pall Mall.

18. A suggestion from old Mr. Trevor, J. P., in "The 'Gloria Scott.'"

19. Three murder cases: "The Adventure of the Cardboard Box," "The Five Orange Pips," "The Resident Patient." Three robbery cases: "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle," "The Naval Treaty," "The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet." Three other crimes: "His Last Bow," "Silver Blaze," "The Adventure of the Engineer's Thumb." Three cases without crime: "The Yellow Face," "The Man with the Twisted Lip," "A Case of Identity."

Fiction

JOYKIN. By Michael Arabian. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

An earnest but amateurish novel of modern London. Joykin is a girl of the new generation who thinks the current formula of devil-may-care pleasure is good enough for her. After a false start at mating, the "right man" comes along, and she wakes to the discovery that life is more or less real and earnest. The rest of the tale tells how she releases herself from the false bond and joyfully accepts the true one. The author has an unfortunate likeness to Michael Arlen in race, name, and theme. Two young Anglo-Armenians being sophisticated and British at the same time are more than a genteel sufficiency.

DAPHNE ADEANE. By Maurice Baring. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

Maurice Baring is among the handful of living novelists now being sought by the collector of modern "first editions." "Daphne Adeane" illustrates an odd quality in his work—perhaps the quality for which he is specially valued. A Victorian novel—with a difference. All of the materials to a certain point are the familiar materials of well-bred fiction as we knew it in the 'eighties and 'nineties—in the work, say, of William Black.

These are the nice English people of the upper middle class, with money enough and interests enough to make something of an art of living. They belong to the same world, if not precisely to the same set. Their circles are tangent and mutually aware of each other. Yet the most powerful influence among them is memory of a dead woman who, alive, had been a half-adopted alien, almost an outsider. Daphne Adeane, a woman without formal beauty or notable intellect or definable charm, has ruled through sheer personality. All women have shrunk in her presence, and all men have bowed down. Here is the story of her ghostly reign over those who survive her passing, and over all who come into intimate relations with them. A novel of odd and insinuating effect.

"AW HELL." By Clarke Venable. The Reilly & Lee Company, Chicago and New York. $2.

It was inevitable that a certain number of camp-followers should come in the train of the recently revived interest in fiction concerning the World War. Mr. Clarke Venable is a lesser practitioner in the field cultivated with distinction by Leonard Nason, James Stevens, and Captain John Thomason. His novel is an earnest and conscientious but totally uninspired piece of work. A certain sympathy is inherent in his central character, Jep Brice, the backwoodsman who persistently trailed after the regiment from which his weak heart excluded him. When he is on the scene, the novel assumes a certain vitality. Without him, none of the usual paraphernalia of fussy officers, comic sergeants, and stock episodes of heroism in No Man's Land is of any particular effect.

History

MAIN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN THOUGHT. Vol. I—The Colonial Mind (1620–1800). Vol. II—The Romantic Revolution in America (1800–1860). By Vernon Louis Parrington. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $4 each.

Here is fresh and original interpretation of the more influential tendencies in American thought and sentiment from colonial days to the outbreak of the Civil War. The main contributions to the complex thing known as Americanism the author finds to have been English independency, French romanticism and utopianism, the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, nineteenth-century science, and Continental theories of collectivism. "The child of two continents, America can be explained in its significant traits by neither alone." He portrays the growth and conflict of these influences, giving point and vividity to his portrayal with personal sketches of the leading exponents of the various schools of thought. He disavows any particular concern with æsthetic judgments; he has tried to understand what our fathers thought and why they wrote as they did, and, since time is not always a just winnower, he has found it necessary to dig into lost causes and forgotten reputations. Though professedly written from a Jeffersonian standpoint, the real attitude is ultra-modern, and the text indubitably dates itself as post-war. The exposition is strongly deterministic; ideals, it would appear, if not based on economic needs, are at least fashioned by them. Though the author admits that his task is no May Day undertaking and that the attempt to lay bare the heart of a period has its many difficulties, his manner is briskly and even blithely confident. Hence there are judgments that to many will seem audacious and provocative, interpretations too simple to square with the facts, and terms too loosely used to mean what they ought to mean. The term "individualism," for instance, so repeatedly stressed in references to the frontier, needs some qualification when applied to a society that demanded State aid for internal improvements, neighborly help in barn-raisings and crop gatherings, and in many of its ventures took on the character of group collectivism. The work nevertheless is a

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substantial contribution to the understanding of America. It is the fruit of wide research, of painstaking inquiry, and of a sincere purpose, and it is written in telling phrase. The personal sketches are admirable for their well-rounded compactness and their clearness of outline. It is a book which the serious student will read many times.

FROM SERFDOM TO BOLSHEVISM. The Memoirs of Baron N. Wrangel. 1840–1920. Translated by Brian and Beatrix Lunn. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $4.

"From despotism to the Duma, and from the Duma to demoralization," might well have been the title of these interesting memoirs by a member of a most distinguished Russian family, who spares neither side in his narrative. The people, treated as pariahs all their lives, came out into a flare of light that dazzled their poor faculties, while the aristocracy, enfeebled and stupid, could only persist on false courses. The outcome was world war and Bolshevism. A dreadful tale of human fallibility and failure.

ON THE TRAIL OF RUSSIAN FAMINE. By Frank Alfred Golder and Lincoln Hutchinson. The Stamford University Press, Stamford, California. $3.50.

This book covers the years 1921–3, and is made up of excerpts from the diaries of two American relief workers. It is an admirable record of intelligent effort on behalf of humanity. There are picturesque glimpses of life in odd corners, especially Daghestan.

Politics and Government

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE FALKLAND ISLANDS. A Study in Legal and Diplomatic History. By Julius Goebel, Jr., LL.B., Ph.D. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $5.

The diligent hunters for doctors' degrees continue to delve deep and travel far. Probably there are few island groups in the world of less importance than the Antarctic Falklands, yet the volume reveals a long and complex struggle over their possession, out of which come sundry developments of international law. By right it would appear they belong to the Argentine Republic, but over them waves, and will continue to wave, the flag of Britain.

Boys' Books

THE HONOR OF DUNMORE. By Hawthorne Daniel. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

Boys are apt to think they don't like historical tales, but they do if the tales are as good as this one. Mr. Daniel is writing a series about the knightly Dunmores of olden days. This one deals with the England of Henry VI and the siege of Southwark Castle. Combat in the field and at the siege, pageants and tilts of chivalry, love and romance, all move brilliantly in a vivid story of adventure and heroism.

Travel

THE LURE OF THE GREAT SMOKIES. By Robert L. Mason. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.50.

Mr. Mason writes lovingly of the region in North Carolina and East Tennessee that is to become the Appalachian National Park. He knows his ground thoroughly and gives an attractive account of the great mountains, their distinctive people and historical background. That the fast decreasing forest area is to be saved is the welcome fact which gives this well illustrated book special reason for being.

BESSARABIA. Russia and Roumania on the Black Sea. By Charles Upson Clark. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

Dr. Clark has made himself an authority on this subject. Bessarabia is chiefly known to America by Kishineff, its chief city, where the massacres initiated the great Jewish migration to this country. The author describes political and industrial conditions under the rule of Rumania, now in control of the province. Progress is visible, though it comes hard.

Science

BEING WELL-BORN: An Introduction to Heredity and Eugenics. By Michael F. Guyer. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $5.

This is a new edition, revised after ten years, of an exceedingly able and comprehensive study of the reproduction processes of nature, the greater part having to do with the procreation of mankind. Plain language is used to convey valuable information. The book is adequately illustrated.

THE SEVEN SEALS OF SCIENCE. By Joseph Mayer. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

Dr. Mayer, a professor in Tufts College, has compiled a story of scientific progress that begins at the beginning and considers cosmic and human forces in their long relations. Biology, chemistry, psychology, and social science all come under his ken. It is a work of prodigious learning, popularly expressed.

Miscellaneous

FRANCE ON TEN WORDS A DAY. By H. McCarty-Lee. Illustrated by Peter Arno. Simon & Schuster, New York. $1.75.

Mr. McCarty-Lee is presenting "Perfect but Telegraphic French for the Ten Day Visitor Who Wants the Expressions, Gestures, and Customs of the Ten Year Resident," with almost the aplomb of Emily Post telling us how to be ladies and gentlemen for three dollars and a half. But at that there is much to be said for his system. This is what used to be called a "phrase book;" casting aside verbs, genders, and other grammatical constructions whenever possible, he has listed enough words, idioms, and gestures to see the stranger through France without undo dependence on the traveler's friend, the *concierge*. He wastes no time on that standby of the grammar books, "I see the penholder and the red bird on the white horse's neck," and concentrates on ordering drinks in the latest slang. He does not explain how any one but a paralyzed Swahili can have difficulty ordering drinks in Paris, but that is beside the point. The French phrases, then, are apt and up to date. His foot-notes are funny, for the most part, and the illustrations are excellent. The phonetic pronunciations are fearful and wonderful, but any one attempting to twist English vowel sounds to fit French ones has his work cut out for him.

Even so, our hearts go out to the earnest student who, having learned exactly what to call a taxi-driver at three in the morning (and how to pronounce it), can take no further part in the discussion that must inevitably follow. Perhaps, after all, the old method—"the red bird on the white horse's neck"—is best.

Books Received

THE NATURE OF MAN. By George A. Dorsey. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

THE STREAM OF LIFE. By Julian S. Huxley. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.

STORM OF THE OLD FRONTIER. By Marshall R. Hall. The Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

THE POLITICAL IDEAS OF THE GREEKS. By John L. Myres. The Abingdon Press, New York. $2.50.

THINGS SEEN IN CANADA. By J. E. Ray. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

THINGS SEEN IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY. By Clive Holland. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

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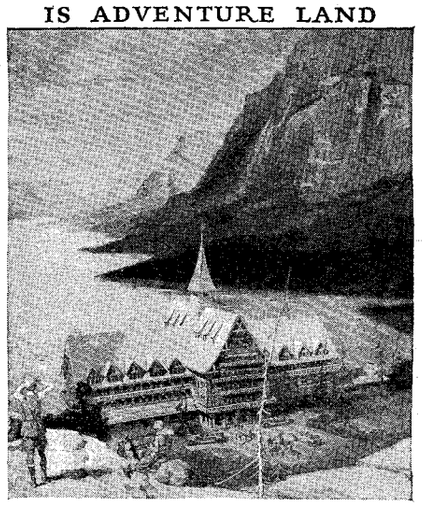

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

Bonds and Bonds

NICE distinctions between various classes of bonds are drawn in an article in the "Guaranty News." We reprint it herewith. It can be used as the basis for a game of "Ask Me Another:"

Bond—An instrument which represents a promise by a government, municipality, or corporation to pay a certain sum on specified dates, usually five years or more, with interest at a fixed rate payable on regular dates—usually semi-annually. It represents no ownership in the issuing body.

Mortgage Bond—A promise to pay, in the form of a bond, secured by a mortgage. In the event of failure to meet interest during its life, or principal and interest at maturity, the property mortgaged may be foreclosed and sold for the benefit of bondholders.

Collateral Trust Bond—A bond secured by depositing in trust securities of other companies.

Municipal Bond—Legally authorized bond issued by village, township, county, State, or territorial subdivision of them.

External Bond—Government bond sold abroad as designated from money borrowed at home.

Registered Bond—Has name of owner on face. Cannot be transferred without indorsement of owner and sending to transfer agent, where new bond is issued in name of new owner. Bonds may be registerable as to principal only, or as to principal and interest.

Debenture Bond—Merely a promise to pay.

Gold Bond—Payable in United States gold of present standard of weight and fineness.

Guaranteed Bond—A bond of one company whose principal and interest are guaranteed by another corporation, with the guaranty appearing on the bonds.

Bearer Bond—Interest during life and principal at maturity are paid to person or persons presenting the coupons and the bond, respectively.

Serial Bond—Payable in installments. Method used in place of sinking fund.

Refunding Bonds—New bonds to take the place of old ones falling due.

Sinking Fund Bonds—Any issues that provide for setting aside specific sums at stated intervals to provide for redemption of all or part of the issue or the debt that it represents.

Dollar Bond—Foreign term for a bond of a face value of so many dollars. For instance, English bond issued in dollars instead of pounds sterling.

Equipment Bond (generally called Equipment Trust)—Bond secured by a mortgage on railroad equipment. Under the Philadelphia Plan (generally used) title to equipment is vested in a trust company, and the equipment is leased by the corporation for annual rental sufficient to pay interest on outstanding bonds and to retire an agreed amount of principal each year.

Income Bond—Interest is paid only if earned. Usually secured by last mortgage on property.

From Inquiring Readers

GENERAL ELECTRIC is always interesting, and the recent split-up continues to bring inquiries. This company has two classes of stock, the capital and the special. A letter from this department in answer to a reader's inquiry sets forth the situation concisely:

"The old $100 par value of General Electric was split, four for one, the new stock having no par value. The dividends on the new stock are at present at the rate of 75 cents per quarter, with the additional payment of $1 per year in special stock.

"The special stock is in reality a preferred stock, par value $10, paying 6 per cent, with a callable feature which permits the company to redeem it at $11 per share. The original purpose of the issue was to provide a security which employees would buy.

"As to Electric Bond & Share, this corporation was a General Electric company. It is a holding and managing corporation for public utilities. It is very highly regarded. Its present dividend rate is only $1 a year."

HOW long should a nominal-dividend paying stock be held, assuming that it is a stock in a sound company?

This question is raised by a reader in Massachusetts, who writes as follows:

"I have control of sixteen shares Electric Bond and Share Securities Co. Was advised a year or so ago by a reputable banking firm to hold it, they thinking it was worth more than the prevailing price. Am getting tired of the meager dividend of one dollar per share per annum. Even if it eventually is worth much more, would it not be advisable to sell and buy something with a better dividend record? It would appear that the controlling interests might do much better by the stockholders from the records of earnings as published. I was particularly annoyed when they issued some 6 per cent preferred stock a short time ago that they did not give the shareholders the opportunity of subscribing at par instead of selling it to bankers at a premium." We replied:

"Were it in our power to declare a dividend, we would gladly do so. It is disheartening not to receive more than a dollar a share dividend from your Electric Bond and Share stock. We do not understand just the reason for this. We believe, however, that the stock must, sooner or later, be placed on a substantial dividend basis, when it should, of course, appreciate above its present market level.

"It is a good stock of a 'long pull.' The 'pull' is apparently unduly long."

WE have been asked by a reader on the West coast to pass on the following list of securities:

Peoples Light and Power Co. 5½ per cent Bond, due July 1, 1941,

Central West Public Service Co. 5½ per cent Bond, due Nov. 1, 1956,

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Japanese Government 6½ per cent Bond, due 1954,
Est R. R. (France) 7 per cent Bond, due 1954,
Virginia Public Service Co. 7 per cent preferred stock,
Arkansas-Missouri Power Co. 7 per cent preferred stock,
Federal Water Service Co. 6½ per cent preferred stock,
Cities Service Co. common stock,
North American common stock.

Our friend explained that he is a technical man, associated with a manufacturing company, and has a regular income in addition to his income from investments,

We made this reply:

"Your list is, on the whole, a good business man's list. By this I mean that you have not bought high-grade investment stocks and bonds, which as a rule have low yields. You have some stocks which are very close to the speculative line—viz., Virginia Public Service, Arkansas-Missouri Power, and Cities Service common. Your bonds are good bonds, and we see no great risk in Federal Water and certainly none in North American.

"We would suggest that for future investments you consider either high-grade bonds or some of the best investment stocks or investment trust shares."

HERE is a perfectly sound and interesting list of bonds and stocks made by a person who disclaims any knowledge of finance. "I have used," she writes, "what judgment I have, and have bought issues promoted by responsible, conservative firms."

Here is the list:

Liberty Bonds, 1st,
Liberty Bonds, 2d,
Liberty Bonds, 3d,
Liberty Bonds, 4th,
Annuities in Missionary Boards,
American Public Service Co., 1st Mortgage Bond,
Illinois Power and Light Co., 1st Mortgage Bond,
Denver Gas and Electric Light Co., 1st Mortgage Bond,
Houston Lighting and Power Co., 1st Mortgage Bond,
Pacific Gas and Electric Co., General Mortgage Bond,
Pennsylvania Power and Light Co., 1st Mortgage Bond,
Kentucky Utilities Co., 1st Mortgage Bond,
Swiss Confederation Sinking Fund Bond,
Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean R. R. 7 per cent,
U. S. Smelting, Refining, and Mining Co. capital stock,
United Drug, First Preferred,
American Telephone and Telegraph Co., capital stock,
Northern Pacific, capital stock.

She now comes to us for suggestions as to future investing. Our reply in part:

"Your list of securities is excellent. You have bought both high-grade investment stocks and bonds.

"I agree that it is well to diversify, and would therefore not advise further public utility bonds to a very large extent.

"Have you considered the purchase of investment trust shares based on diversified and sound common stocks?

"Real estate first-mortgage bonds are another form of security which yield well. They do not, of course, promise appreciation, as stocks do."

A SUBSCRIBER writes us a very interesting letter about Lehigh Valley Coal Certificates.

"I formerly owned," she says, "550 shares of Lehigh Valley Railroad, and in accordance with the ruling of the courts which, you will recall, obliged the separation of the Coal from the Railroad, I sold the Railroad stock, acting under the advice of the best authority I could find. Stock was sold some two years ago at 44. Before selling inquiry was made through responsible banks here, who made inquiries from their correspondents in New York; also such responsible concerns as Blair & Co., National City Company, etc. There is a very considerable difference between 44 (the price at which I sold) and the recent price of some 121.

"I do not wish to make the same error in regard to the Coal, yet I am rather nervous about the future of the coal business, especially Lehigh Coal. I cannot afford to own a speculative stock."

We made a careful study of the situation, and reported thus:

"Lehigh Valley Coal is a very valuable property, and, in our opinion, is likely to remain so and, perhaps, become increasingly valuable, as anthracite is utilized both for heating and for the extraction of its elements. In other words, while the coal business has its ups and downs, we do not regard the future of Lehigh as bound up solely with the future of the coal business as we now know it.

"Earnings are somewhat irregular. You are doubtless very familiar with this and with the rates at which dividends have been paid.

"We do not know enough about your circumstances to be able to advise you decisively. If you are in a position

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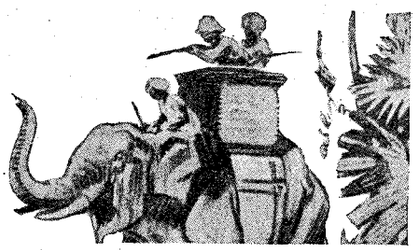

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where you can hold your stock without the assurance of absolutely steady dividend payments, but with the likelihood that, over a period of years, it will tend to increase in value, you should hold it. If, on the other hand, you need a more conservative investment, one which will not fluctuate and on which the earnings will be regular, you had better sell and not be surprised if the stock goes up or down after you have sold."

LIFE insurance stocks are in many cases admirable investments. The only trouble is that information about them is not as readily available to the general public as is similar information about industrials, rails, and public utilities. From Idaho recently came an inquiry about the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company. We replied:

"The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, to which you refer, is a well-established company. It was incorporated in 1868. Its capital is $3,000,000, surplus $8,914,000. It paid 28 per cent on its stock in 1924, 25 per cent in 1926. It had, at last reports, over $585,000,000 of insurance in force.

"Stock of insurance companies of such character and standing are generally considered very good investments."

Is a yield of "only 5.33 per cent" a good yield? One of our readers in Pennsylvania questioned whether this return on his Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company stock was sufficient. He was attracted by the higher yield of Calumet and Arizona, which would be over 8 per cent. Our answer:

"Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company is a high-grade investment stock. You do not say at what figure you purchased it, but, assuming that it was at or near the present price, your yield would still be good. Such a stock as this proves its worth only if held for a considerable time—extra dividends, stock dividends, rights, etc., being likely to accrue.

"Calumet and Arizona is semi-speculative, and we would not advise the exchange unless you wish to have a more speculative stock."

OMITTING names, here is a letter from a correctly suspicious reader. We print as a *caveat* to other investors:

"From some unknown source an investment company secured my name and circularized me regarding a 'Financial Forecast Service' which they offered for a trial period of sixty days for one dollar. Suspecting that here was another case of a 'fake' investment house, I returned one dollar with their request, and secured by immediate mail a mimeographed sheet of suggestions on the market. A neophyte would discover upon reading their data that they were sponsoring a Canadian mining proposition, adding enough additional information on standard stocks to cover up the disguise.

"Within fifteen hours after receiving their mail they called me by long-distance day rates, and attempted by high-pressure method to sell me some stock, stating that they had made arrangements with their 'banking department' to finance same—they were able to buy after the close of the market (Toronto) at the lowest quotation of that day, and would waive commissions. The man who 'phoned was a typical 'presser' and guaranteed me profits within sixty days, and the usual buncombe of that crowd.

"Needless to say, I did not buy." Amen!

"I WOULD like your opinion," writes a reader in Maryland, "of Electric Power and Light on the big board as a speculation. I can easily afford to buy 100 shares."

While it is our function to consider in this Department chiefly investments and investing, we never hesitate to report on a speculation, no matter whether we are for or against it. In this particular case we said:

"You are probably familiar with the general set-up and nature of Electric Power and Light. It is rated as speculative at the present time because it does not pay dividends and because it is a relatively new company.

"We would regard it as a very good speculation, since the management is responsible, real properties of great value are owned, and since, lastly, it is one of the companies which are under Electric Bond and Share supervision."

In other words, this is a speculation in *real* property and with real earning power.

"WHAT information can you give me," inquires a reader in New York, "regarding Lehigh Power Securities, as quoted on the Philadelphia Exchange around 19½?"

Our reply:

"This stock is rated as speculative because it is not a dividend-paying company. In our opinion, it is a 'good speculation.' The company is supervised by the Electric Bond and Share Company, and is a public utility combination, owning and operating valuable properties in eastern Pennsylvania. For a conservative long-pull speculation the common stock is well worth considering."

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MAINE Why not spend your vacation in the country on the open ocean? Rates $16, $18, $20. Louise Spilman. THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Me.

Massachusetts

A Graduate Nurse with trained attendants will take mild mental and nervous patients in a beautiful situation, one-half hour's ride from Boston. Doctors on call. Price from $35 up; private bath if wanted. Situated apart from other dwellings; no noise. Elderly people and shock cases given special attention. 8,487, Outlook.

Massachusetts

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Write to The Outlook Travel Bureau for rates, bookings, and details.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

The Leslie

A quiet, cozy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Booklet. 23d season.

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Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room

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Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up. SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

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Located on hill in spruces and pines, 500 ft. above village on trail to Mt. Marcy. Best moderate-priced hotel in mountains. 400-acre farm in connection. Certified Jersey herd. 1,500 ft. elevation. $18 per week and up. Illustrated booklet on application. B. Tryon & Son.

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PINE-OZONE INN in the ADIRONDACKS Ideal summer resort with all home comforts. Cottages to rent. Special June rates. N. S. PINNEY, Prop., Jay, N. Y.

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KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.

Adirondack Mts. Rates $18 to $30 per week. 75 rooms. Fresh vegetables, own garden. Tennis, dancing, golf course two miles. Special rates for Sept. W. W. BLOCK, Prop.

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Write for details, rates, etc. to

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Wouldn't You Like this 80-Acre Farm

to ramble on or sit in the shade of its wonderful maple trees? Located above Woodbury, in the Litchfield Hills, where cool breezes blow. Beautiful, unspoiled old colonial house, exceptional architecture. 10 rooms, six fireplaces, old latches, etc.; bath, electricity, garage, barn, good land, quantities of fruit. House sweet and clean, furnished with antiques, ready for immediate occupancy. Price complete, $15,500, which is only half cost of replacing buildings.

R. J. MARTIN, Newtown, Conn. Phone 275-4.

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New England Farmhouse. On Maine coast, with 5 acres of land, only $2,250; photos. Ask for our illustrated catalogs. MAINE LAKES & COAST CO., Portland, Maine.

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FOR SALE Cottage on Shore of Lake Sunapee, N. H. Fireplace, electric lights, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, boathouse with rowboat, garage, wood lot. Quiet and secluded, but with all the conveniences. Inquire of Mrs. MAUD MARSHALL, Amherst, Mass., or SARGENT & CO., Sunapee, N. H.

FOR SALE Professional man's home. 25 acres, 9 rooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 fireplaces, hardwood floors, furnace, electric lights, spring water, 800 square foot veranda; beautiful mountain views; village and Lake Sunapee 1 mile. Fruit trees and small fruits, wood lot, barn, poultry house. Owner, Lock Box 20, New London, N. H.

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FOR RENT

My ADIRONDACK CAMP on Long Lake

Apply Mrs. J. H. WOODWARD, Long Lake, N.Y.

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FOR SALE—AT SACRIFICE—Academy building, modernly equipped, on campus of 12 acres with fine outlook, in central Wisconsin, suitable for school, sanitarium, or home. W. M. ELLIS, Ashland, Wis.

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DESIRABLE positions open for qualified teachers. The Davis Agency, Providence, R. I.

INSTITUTIONAL executives, social workers, secretaries, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, companions, mothers' helpers, housekeepers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

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HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work. quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AH-5842, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Nursery governess to care for four children under nine in Cincinnati. Wish to fill position by August 15, by refined and educated woman. Address Mrs. Frederick V. Geier, Bay Head, N. J.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—MATRON. Residential school for blind children; location eastern city; exceptional ability and thorough knowledge of dietetics required. 7,931, Outlook.

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ARTIST, middle-aged, eligible as teacher in private school, copying portraits, genealogical work, typing manuscripts, old letters, or as companion with light duties in house or garden. 7,927, Outlook.

COMPANIONSHIP in home of refinement. Upright elderly lady or gentleman. 7,934, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED English nursery governess desires position. Children 3-8. Country preferred. References. 7,932, Outlook.

POSITION to teach history or English by experienced teacher, M.A. Columbia, studying for Ph.D. degree. 7,930, Outlook.

YOUNG college graduate desires to be a traveling companion. Will go abroad. References exchanged. 7,933, Outlook.

YOUNG lady of refinement wants position as companion. Best of references. 7,928, Outlook.

YOUNG lady wants position as governess. Best of references. 7,929, Outlook.

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PRIVATE SCHOOL, LONG ESTABLISHED, EXCEPTIONAL RECORD. OFFERS OPPORTUNITY TO EDUCATOR ON SALE, LEASE, OR PARTNERSHIP BASIS. 7,922, Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2, or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Also business printing at low prices. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

By the Way

"Lost your job as a caddy?" one boy asked the other.

"Yep," was the reply. "I could do the work all right, but I couldn't learn not to laugh."

Here are ten words with which to test your friends' ability to spell. In a number of tests few persons got more than five correct. The record score is nine. Ask your friends to spell these:

Liquefy
Embarrass
Rarefy
Supersede
Naphtha
Sacrilegious
Tranquillity
Battalion
Harass
Kimono

The following letter was recently received by a Chicago company from a native of Africa:

Sir: Connection burden reputation and most respectfully to acquianted with you that: I sercure perceived your desipiation and address by reason of a certain cue affectionate of mine. Consequence: you are a beneficially manufactory at U. S. A. Thus on receipt of this note, take courage to departured me your bargain catalogue including price list ere my order to your destination. Thus, should this application prove me successful, I will always endeavored by dilligent discharged of my occupations to demonstrate my opinion of your kindness.

I am ambushed your benevolence rejoinder in arrived at next mail.

Yours sincerely,

——— ———.

"And are you any relation to Pat O'Rourke?"

"Only very distantly. Oi was me mother's first child and Pat was the thirteenth."

Perhaps there is some compensation in the fact that while youth is more sophisticated, age is more juvenile than of yore.

If a baby auk flies toward the mother auk, does he fly awkwardly?

A little boy was taken to the theater for the first time. Seeing the word "asbestos" on the curtain, he whispered, "Papa," what does that mean?" "Keep still," admonished his father, "and don't show your ignorance· that's their way of saying 'welcome.'"

It seems there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike. . . . They had been arguing religion, Pat contending there was no hell, heaven, nor hereafter, and Mike and his wife holding the contrary opinion. Now Pat died, and Mike and his wife went to the funeral. When viewing the remains, Mike burst out laughing. "Hush," said Mike's wife, "you mustn't laugh at a funeral." "I can't help it," Mike replied. "Here's Pat all dressed up and no place to go."

From the Pennsylvania "Punch Bowl:"

Brown: "What do you do with your worn-out razor-blades?"

Jones: "I shave with them."

The "Little Church Around the Corner" in New York City, long known for the number of marriages performed, is more popular than ever. In 1916 there were only 740 marriages to 1,996 last year. This year all records are being broken. The gifts to the clergy from the bridegrooms run from $1 to several hundred dollars.

"So you were in the army, Ikey?"

"Oh, I vas in the army."

"Did you get a commission?"

"No; only my vages!"

"A fine way to break your back," says the Detroit "News," "is to walk into the living-room in the dark and sit down where the davenport was yesterday."

"What do you regard as the highest duty of a statesman?" Senator Sorghum of the Washington "Star" was asked.

"To serve his country," answered the Senator, "and incidentally to keep getting re-elected, so that his country will not lose the benefit of his services."

From the "Epworth Herald:"

When little Percival arrived at school on the opening day he carried the following note to the teacher:

"Dear Teacher: Our sweet little Percival is a very delicate, nervous child, and if he is naughty—and he is likely to be naughty at times—just punish the boy next him, and that will frighten him so he'll be good."

If all the special weeks the public is asked to observe yearly fell consecutively, every year would have to be twenty-three months long.

Teacher: "Use the right verb in this sentence: 'The toast was drank in silence.'"

Pupil: "The toast was ate in silence."

"What do you think of Mr. Blank?"

"Oh, he's one of those people that pa you on the back before your face, and h' you in the eye behind your back."

Until a year or two ago about the only plays published in book form were the so-called "literary plays." Now scores of Broadway successes are printed and boun every season. Publishers report that the sale of plays in book form has increased threefold in the last two years. The reason is given that play-lovers are rebelling at the type of road companies sent out nowadays and prefer to read up on the hits of the year.

Signs noticed on the backs of ran shackle touring cars:

"Will trade this for slightly used Packard."

"The Ghost of St. Louis."

From an exchange:

"Pa, you remember you promised to give me $5 if I passed in school this year?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"Well, pa, you ain't gonna have that expense."

The average expenditure in America per person for candy, ice-cream, and confections is $18.15. The average expenditure for books is $1.10.

A doctor was finishing his round of the links when his small Negro caddie remarked, "Doctor, ain't you got some shoes up yonder in yo' locker you don't want? I needs some bad."

"Perhaps," said the doctor. "What size do you wear?"

"I dunno, sah, 'cause I ain't never bought none dat-er-way—I either kin git in 'em or I can't."

The amount of advertising in the United States has doubled in the past ten years, Francis H. Sisson reported at the Magazine Club. Twenty-five per cent of this increase has come about in the past three years.

Some folks wear diamonds of ——
As —— to fair society's place.
——, they find of real worth 'gainst winter's cold,
And ride —— hobby some trinket of gold.
Red ——, they think symbolic of waste.
But —— "sans" thoughts, we find ——
and disgrace!

The anagram contains seven blanks to be filled with the same five letters. Answer next week.

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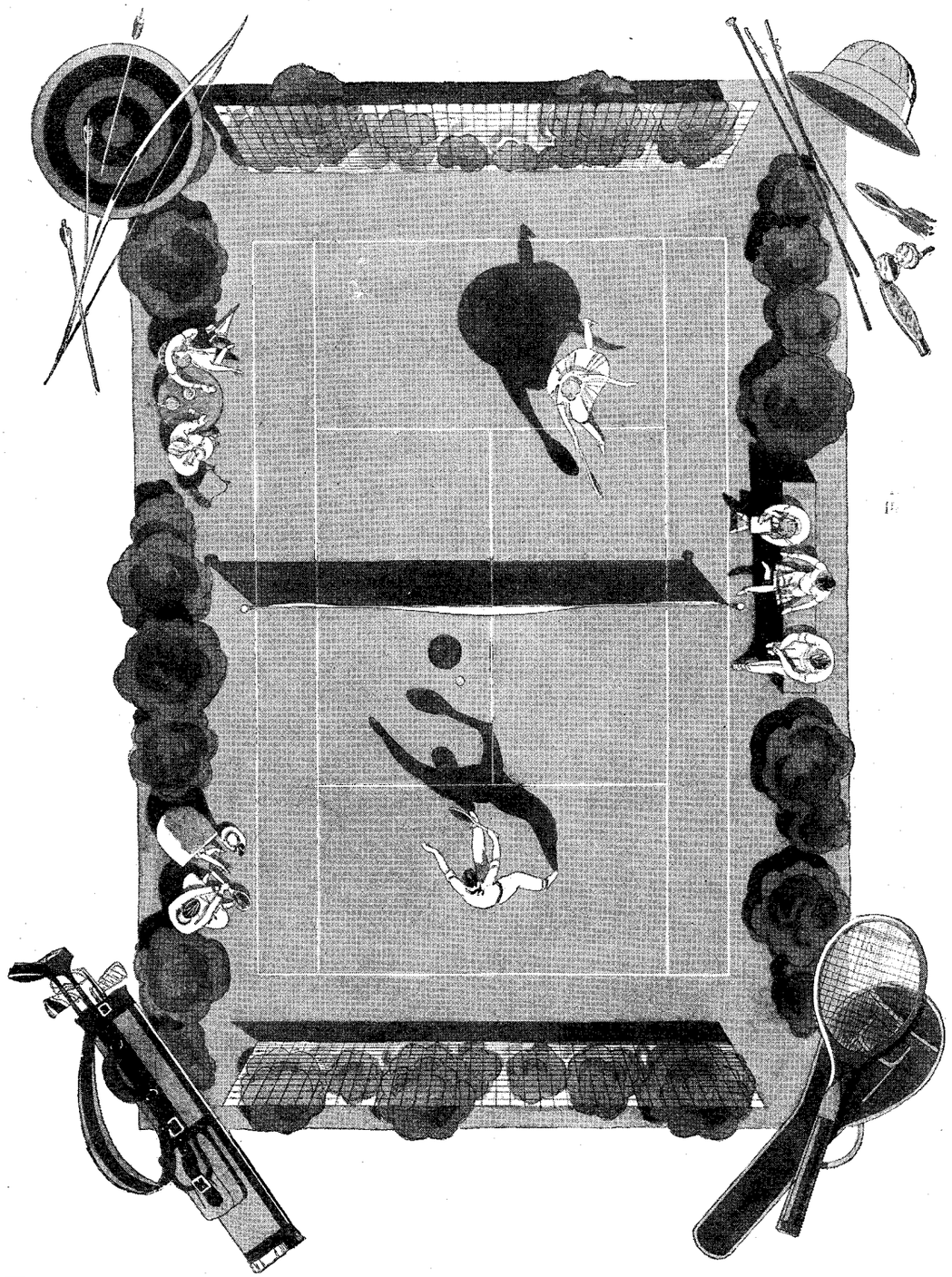

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